TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 28 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 132

Around Town.

The rapid advances made in Canadian art as indicated by the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which is unmistakably superior to any previous display of the kind, has provoked the question of why native literature does not show an equally healthy growth. Art and literature generally flourish under similar conditions. Neither can make much progress in the early stages of settlement when the people are engrossed with the urgent practical problems of clearing the bush, draining the swamps and making the land habitable and productive. But we have long passed the pioneer stage and taken on conditions under which in other communities literature thrives. The encouragement given to the representative arts and the consequent rise of artists whose talents would render them successful in their chosen vocation in any country, indicates that the backwardness of our literature cannot be owing to the rawness and newness of the country. Our peculiar situation with regard to the Mother Country and the United States may have something to do with it. Our writers have to compete on unfavorable terms within a comparatively narrow market with English and American authors to whom the whole English speaking world is open. This of course affects authorship adversely as a trade, if it can be said to exist as a trade in Canada. But the best and most enduring literary works were not written for money. Really great writers have seldom been influenced by the love of gain—and it might have been supposed that among the number of Canadians who write and publish in spite of the obvious disadvantages under which authorship labors in this country, some would have developed a power and displayed a genius or at least a talent entitling their productions to take rank among the world's classics. So far it cannot be said that such has been the case. One reason for the lack of conspicuous originality and creative power on the part of Canadian writers is doubtless to be found in the rigidity and narrowness of conventional opinion among us and the disposition to measure everything of a literary character by the rule of theological, political or social orthodoxy. The men who have made great names in literature have dared to say what they thought. They have allowed their genius free play unfettered by traditional limitations or the fear of Mrs. Grundy. The public in England and the United States is much more tolerant of unconventional ideas and less disposed to confine the writers who cater for it to the limits of orthodoxy of any kind than the Canadian people. Just fancy what would have been the reception here of the writings of Tyndall and Spencer, the poems of Swinburne, Robert Elsmere, or Bellamy's Looking Backward, supposing any of them to have been first issued by a Canadian publisher instead of coming to us at second-hand with the prestige of success abroad. There would have been a chorus of universal denunciation. We are so set in our hereditary notions and old time prejudices that the writer who feels that he has a message in any considerable degree conflicting with the settled and traditional formulas which do duty as opinions with the most of us, cannot hope for a hospitable reception no matter how conspicuous his charms of style or his literary talent.

***

In our own day, moreover, literary tastes have greatly changed. Historical dramas, epics and poems dealing with abstract topics are out of date. Modern literature, whether in the form of poetry or fiction or scientific treatises, deals largely with questions of present and pressing human interest. Old beliefs and institutions and observances are on trial and the most popular and widely read books of the day are those which deal freely and fearlessly with such matters. Works of history, biography and criticism almost necessarily have a bearing on the burning questions of current controversy and are characterized by the same freedom and outspokenness. The Canadian writer as a rule ignores all these disturbing issues for fear of giving offence. He recognizes that public opinion is not sufficiently advanced or tolerant to appreciate any conclusions which deviate from the strict line of conformity to the conventional. As a general thing he is ostentatiously conservative in his views and out of touch with the progressive spirit of the age. Until Canadian public sentiment catches something of the more receptive and broad-minded spirit of modern thought elsewhere, native talent will continue to lie under heavier disabilities than those consequent upon defective copyright laws or a limited market.

***

The growth of the sentiment of Canadian patriotism will be strengthened by such observances as the decoration of the Queen's Park monument to the fallen heroes of Ridgeway, which took place on Monday last with appropriate ceremonies. The ceremonial is none the worse for having been borrowed from the Americans, whose Decoration Day celebrations, recurring every year, have done much to inculcate patriotic ideas among the rising generation by showing them that the memory of brave men who died to preserve their country is not forgotten. The proposals that the memorable events of the Fenian raid should be the subject of a yearly commemoration called forth by the occasion ought not to be allowed to drop. Canada owes a debt of gratitude to the volunteers who sacrificed their lives in defence of our frontier, and if we are always to be able to rely upon the defence of brave hearts and strong arms should any similar danger threaten in the future, we must show the young men of to-day that the country does not forget those whose blood was so freely shed in her cause.

***

The British Government according to a recent cablegram contemplates an enormous addition to the Imperial territory and responsibilities by the purchase of the Congo Free State—the neutral region lately opened up to commerce and civilizing influences in Africa. The idea is that such a vast acquisition will appeal to the average Englishman's sense of national pride and dignity, send Salisbury stock booming, and enable the administration to carry another election. It is an old device in a new form. When domestic questions become troublesome and threaten to defeat an administration an embroilment with some foreign power followed either by war or the imminent risk of it used to be the favorite resort of a discredited ministry. About the best that can be said of the Congo deal is that it is far preferable to a war. Though expensive it will cost a good deal less to than a war and an immense deal of bloodshed and suffering will be avoided. But considered apart from political exigencies the statesmanship of the scheme may be doubtful. Has not England about as much territory now on her hands as she can conveniently attend to? It might be supposed that she would hardly care to increase the burdens of the people by undertaking the government of an extensive domain in Central Africa when we consider how great her responsibilities in the management of her world-wide empire already are. Surely the means and energy which will be required in organizing and administering the Congo Free State might be better employed in settling some of the awkward problems which have arisen in connection with existing colonies and dependencies and in perfecting and systematizing the present loose-jointed and uncertain relations between them and the Empire. It would be a far better guarantee of the permanency and solidity of the Empire to straighten out the difficulty with France over the Newfoundland fisheries, and the similar international complication between ourselves and the United States and to push the policy of Australian and South African federation to a successful issue than to seek mere territorial aggrandizement at the risk of endless native wars and frontier disputes in the future. In short, the policy of Britain in regard to her colonial possessions ought to be that of solidifying and organizing the already enormous territories where her flag flies, rather than adding new provinces to the roll of her dependencies. But the immediate effect on the public mind in view of a dissolution of Parliament, which cannot much longer be deferred, rather than the genuine merits of the scheme, is probably the determining motive. And there is a large class of electors who will be captivated by the idea of the extension of English rule.

***

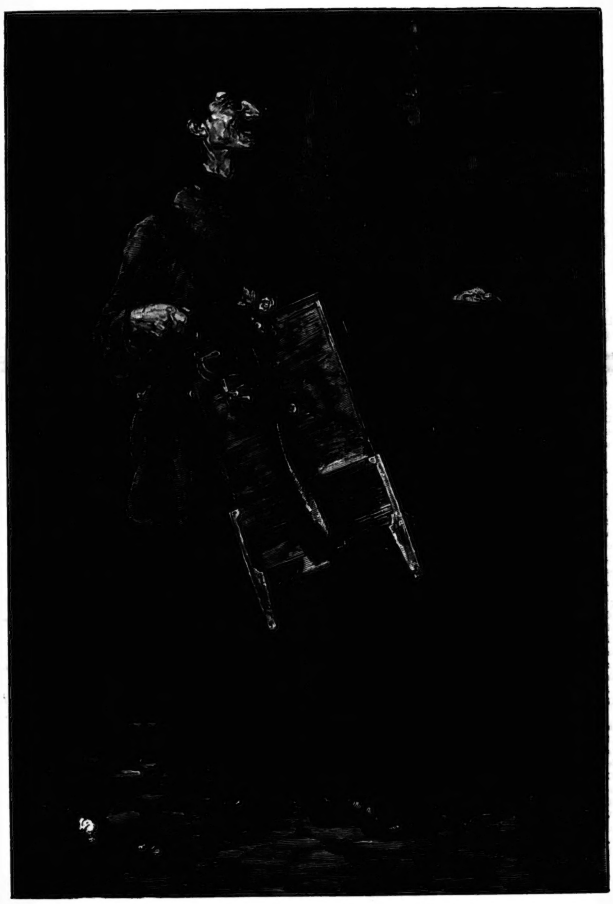
The cause of female suffrage appears to be making steady progress, judging from the conspicuous place it occupies in current magazine and newspaper discussion. The indications are that the Territory of Wyoming will very shortly be admitted to the rank of statehood with a constitution embodying the present territorial provision by which women are admitted to the ballot-box. In England an effort is being made to induce the Liberal party to add a woman suffrage plank to their platform. Though debarred from the ballot women are more and more taking an active part in political campaigns, as witness the Primrose League and the Women's Liberal Associations in England and the by no means infrequent or unusual participation of women speakers in political contests on our own side of the water. It does seem a little inconsistent that politicians should welcome the assistance of women in campaign work and then refuse them the ballot on the ground of their unfitness to vote. The people of Ontario will shortly have their attention directed to this question by the assembling of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association convention which meets in this city on June 12 and 13. Many leading workers in the movement are expected to be present and the question will be considered in all its aspects—political, social, moral and economic. Perhaps the most hopeful sign for the friends of the cause is the altered tone of the press in speaking of the movement and its advocates. It is not so long ago since they were almost universally overwhelmed with ridicule and sneers. Woman's rights was a never-failing subject for the gibes of newspaper witlings and when the opponents of the movement condescended to attempt argument—which was very seldom—they considered they disposed of the whole question by the repetition of a few stock platitudes which really do not touch the point at issue. The movement has now fairly passed the stage of ridicule. Now and then a journalistic boor will fling an unmanly slur—such as not long since appeared in the Hamilton *Spectator*—at some of the prominent workers, but the tone of reputable journals in dealing with the question is, as a rule, decent and respectful. Most of the old arguments have been shelved as an insult to the common sense of the reading public—such for instance as that women would be contaminated by the surroundings of the polling booth. The once familiar plea of want of intelligence is rarely advanced now, though Prof. Goldwin Smith and Henry Labouchere—rather strange allies are they not?—still put forward the equally antiquated argument of woman's disqualification for military service as a reason for denying her the rights of citizenship. As though woman has not always and everywhere sustained her full share of the hardships, burdens and sufferings of warfare. If ability and willingness to bear arms were the condition of masculine voting how many of the elderly, weakly or comfort-loving gentlemen, who with ludicrous inconsistency advance this argument, would ever cast a ballot? The fact that a large class of women already have the municipal suffrage and that all the prophecies of evil consequences made at the time this right was granted have been conspicuously falsified, affords the strongest ground for believing that the principle might be extended without any of the direful results either to the sex or the country, the prediction of which forms the burden of anti-female suffrage utterances.

***

The disinclination of the wealthy and comfortable classes in the United States to assume the burdens and responsibilities of bringing up families has of recent years been the subject of many homilies. Some have gone so far as to assert that the genuine American race, if such a term may be used to indicate those who can claim a pre-revolutionary ancestry, is dying out, and that but for the steady infusion of new blood by immigration the decennial census would show a decrease instead of the great augmentation of population in which the Americans take so much pride. The pessimists have a fact which tends to corroborate their theory in the annual report of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York of which Dr. John Hall, known as the millionaire preacher, is pastor and which has one of the wealthiest and most fashionable congregations in the United States. Its membership amounts to 2312 and the adherents not members are numerous in proportion. But the number of infant baptisms during the year was only twelve. So remarkable a discrepancy has excited some attention. Enquiry into the case showed that the smallness in the number of baptisms was not due to any falling away from the faith and consequent neglect of the ceremony, but simply to the fact that the raw material, so to speak, that is to say, the infants born of members of the congregation were not forthcoming. The baptisms equalled the births in number. Now, if Dr. John Hall's church were a fair sample of the American people, it is obvious that in a very few generations the genuine American would go the way of the aborigines whom he has displaced. But while it is typical of the tendency to shirk the cares of a family prevailing among the rich and well-to-do, it must be borne in mind that the conditions are exceptional and do not apply to the great masses of the American people outside the large centers. In the circles from which the membership of such churches as that of Dr. John Hall are drawn men, as a rule, marry late in life. The young people in society do not want to lose caste by beginning life in the humble way in which their parents started. Accustomed to be surrounded by every luxury, and welcomed and courted everywhere on account of the wealth of their parents, the old ideal of "love in a cottage" has no charms for them. The increasing extravagance of fashionable life makes it more difficult for those who do not possess large fortunes to live on the scale demanded by social exigencies, club life and foreign travel, now so general, offer more attractions to young men of moderate incomes than marriage, which would entail exclusion from the "four hundred," and the sacrifice of many of the luxuries and pleasures within their reach while they remain single. So they are apt to defer marriage until either by inheritance or success in business they possess the means to live in the style demanded by their luxurious tastes or the requirements of their social circle. The same disinclination to begin married life under conditions of comparative poverty condemns a large proportion of the daughters of wealthy families to spinsterhood, or, what is infinitely worse, to loveless marriages. Apart from these causes, and yet, in some degree allied to them, there is a growing indisposition on the part of women in fashionable life to assume the cares of maternity. The rearing of children interferes with the round of pleasure and social excitement, which they regard as the main object of existence. It is felt as a drag on their freedom, and an irksome tie, which lessens the means and opportunities at their disposal for dress and festivity and travel. In short, the tendency of the wealthy class in New York and other American cities is to make pleasure, luxury and dissipation the chief aims of life. The decline in the number of births under such circumstances is not surprising, nor is the fact that rich families are dying out a matter of regret. The misery of it is that though in a generation or two the existing representatives of the type we are speaking of will have disappeared leaving few descendants behind them the same unjust and rotten social conditions which have evolved them will, by that time, have produced others to take their places and like them to become demoralized and enervated by wealth and luxury. As for Dr. Hall's church, if they are not past the point where preaching will do them any good, their pastor might very appropriately give them a few sermons from the texts "Increase and multiply and replenish the earth." "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them" and "Suffer little children to come unto me."

***

"Cursed be the social sins which war against the strength of youth" sings the poet Tennyson. If the voluntary celibacy and mercenary marriages on the part of the wealthy are a crying evil what is to be said of the conduct of a financial corporation which forbids its employees marrying under penalty of dismissal? The Provincial Bank of Ireland has issued an edict forbidding its clerks to marry on a salary of less than £150 a year, an amount which very few of them ever obtain no matter how long or faithfully they may have served. This practically condemns the majority of clerks to life-long celibacy and compels the fortunate few who attain the "high" salary of something under $7.50 to defer wedlock until the best years of



THE MUSIC OF THE STREET.

their life are past. From the simple fact that a bank should ever think of such an arbitrary interference with the private lives of its employees the Canadian reader may gain some slight idea of how difficult it is to procure respectable situations in the Old Country—how keen the competition there is among intelligent and well-educated men to find any sort of employment suited to their capacities, and with what tenacity men cling to a situation which affords them even the barest sort of an existence. We are accustomed to talk of the intensity of the struggle for livelihood and the difficulty of obtaining employment here but we have but a faint idea of what these words really mean, or to what straits the classes who live by their labor, either of brain or body, are driven in older communities. Opportunity to win even the poorest pittance upon which a man can make shift to live with a show of respectability is regarded as a godsend by hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen and were any of the clerks of the Provincial Bank of Ireland rash enough to throw up the chance of earning five or six hundred dollars a year because it was coupled with a provision forbidding marriage, hundreds of young and middle aged men with unexceptionable records as to character and competency would scramble for the coveted vacancy. Doubt is expressed as to whether any employer has the legal right to impose such a condition. It is clearly contrary to public policy as it used to be understood, and the old judges would have set aside any such provision in very short order. But in these days commercial considerations are well nigh all powerful, and no doubt the glorious principle of competition and the "right of free contract" will be duly vindicated. The singular part of the business is that hitherto, as a rule, employers have rather been disposed to encourage matrimony among those in their service, and, other things being equal, to give the preference to such as had "given hostages to fortune." Marriage is usually looked upon as some measure a guarantee for steadiness and respectability and a preventive of those extravagances and dissipations likely to lead men into difficulties from which they may attempt to extricate themselves by using their employers money. The determination of the Irish bankers to prohibit matrimony points to a different conclusion, and it would be interesting to know what, if any, ground—other than mere caprice or the desire to act the tyrant, which mean-spirited men in positions of authority so often display—has led to this novel and exceptional edict of the money kings. Ireland appears to be as unfortunate in her bankers as she has been in her landlords. T.

Social and Personal.

The list of guests to the Government House dinner was published in full in last week's issue. It was a delightfully carried-out compliment to the Royal Duke and his Duchess. The ball-room served, upon this occasion, for a dining room, as covers were laid for fifty-six.

•

The decorations of the table were in glad sympathy with the spring months, for the eye was charmed with the delicate tints of blossoms and rested by the soft green scarf of *eau de nil*. The colors pink, white and green were strictly carried out as to the floral embellishments and while apple blossoms were most noticeable, there were also the blossoms of the cherry with waxy narcissus, mingled with fern. The shades were pink, and the soft candle-light beneath them wooed dazzling glances from the jewels of many present. Ropes of smilax, with clusters of white blossoms twisted in, hung about the windows, while blooming plants and banked foliage converted the sides of the room into similitudes of woodland beauty.

During dinner a band played in the front hall and, later on, in the conservatory. The excellence of the music was remarked by many who were present, and the Duke and Duchess more than once expressed themselves delighted with it.

•

The Duchess wore a trained gown of gray silk. The bodice was V shaped and decorated with an embroidery of steel. In her hair was a large diamond star. Miss Campbell's dainty gown was of soft silk in pink, with trimmings of tulle and lace; Miss Strange wore faint yellow with graceful garniture of lace; Mrs. Law, blue satin trimmed with gold pongee silk and brussels lace; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, sapphire-blue velvet *en traine* with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Frank Smith, black velvet, vest of white silk under lace, jet trimmings and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Pope, a white trained silk with petticoat of embossed silk, ornaments emerald and diamond; Mrs. Mulock, gray silk with gray feather trimming; Mrs. Edgar, black velvet with garniture of rose point; Mrs. Cockburn, vieux rose silk with petticoat of silk muslin, embroidered vieux rose beads and gold; Mrs. Aikins, black silk trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Small, pale blue poplin with white trimmings; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, black velvet, black lace garniture and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Welton, gray silk with gray trimmings.

Friday afternoon the Royal party took luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenedyth. The handsomely laid out grounds were looking their best that day. The trees were refreshingly beautiful in their spring-time green, while pale blossoms covered many of them. The winding Glen Road brought the party to the main entrance, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, who led the way to the luncheon-room, where an elegantly arranged repast was served.

•

Her Royal Highness was presented with a bouquet of beautiful roses by the little son of the house, while the little sailor girls stood near. This delicate compliment, and the way people themselves brought forth earnest admiration on the part of all.

Those invited to meet the Duke and Duchess were: The Lord Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Sir William Howland and Mrs. Merritt, Chief-Justice Hagarty, Hon. Oliver and Mrs. Mowat, Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton. The suite in attendance were: Sir John McNeill, Colonel and Mrs. Cavaye and Dr. Kilkelly. Mrs. Nordheimer and Miss Langmuir were afterwards invited by their Royal Highnesses to join their party in crossing from the city to the Yacht Club.

•

Friday afternoon the Pavilion reception was the great attraction. The building was closely packed, and the large grounds held, seemingly, the rest of the city. The Pavilion was decorated with bunting, tiny flags and flowers, the large platform having the appearance of a conservatory.

•

The Duchess appeared in a green gown, wearing a fawn jacket and black hat. Mrs. Cavaye wore terra cotta, and the costume was completed by a black flower-trimmed hat. Two bouquets of flowers were presented—the one to the Duchess by Mrs. E. F. Clarke, the other to Mrs. Cavaye by Miss Madge King-Dodds.

•

Among those present were noticed: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. H. K. Cockin, Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds, Capt. and Mrs. Harston, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Delamere, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. H. J. Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. DeGrassie of Lindsay, Mrs. C. R. W. Biggar, Mr. Robert Cuthbert, Mrs. Potts, Mr. T. E. Moberley, Mrs. E. W. Phillips, Mrs. S. S. Macdonnell, Dr. and Mrs. Hunter, Miss Michie, Mr. Sherwin, Mr. S. Meyers, Mr. W. H. Pickle, Mr. R. Tinning, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, Rev. Elmore Harris, Mr. and Miss Wilson, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Miss Stewart, Dr. J. D. King, Mr. G. M. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr. John Laxton, Mr. George Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lumsden, Mrs. C. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Miss Eleanor Macdonald, Rev. W. T. Campbell, Mr. W. H. Hunter, Mr. R. A. Kirkland, Rev. Le Roy Hooker, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Patrick Hughes, Mrs. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Weichert and Miss Weichert, Miss Temple, Mrs. and Miss Waite, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Storm, Miss Cooper, Miss Dupont, Ald. and Mrs. Boustead, Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mr. Gilmour, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. W. J. Barton, Miss Barton, Mrs. E. Macdonald, Mrs. R. Score, the Misses Beaty, Mr. A. E. K. Greer, Mrs. Ince, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Captain Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Flett, Colonel and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Gianelli, Mrs. E. F. Clarke; Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Captain I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. A. M. and Mrs. Cosby, ex-Ald. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr. C. Brough, Miss Fahey, W. H. Beatty, Q.C., Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Miss Willson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Wm. Bonnell, Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Miss Mary Campbell, Mr. George and Mrs. Munson, James Beatty, Q.C., and the Misses Beatty, Mr. J. Saurin McMurray, Mr. Æmilius Baldwin; Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Senator Allan, Miss Pilsworth, Messrs. W. E. and R. J. Griffin, Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. J. P. Lewis.

•

After leaving the Pavilion, way was taken to the Yonge street wharf, where the steam yacht Abegona waited for its illustrious passengers. On board, to meet the party, were Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Commodore Boswell, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Captain of the R. Y. C. A., Mr. S. Bruce Harman secretary, Messrs. George Evans, J. E. Robertson and S. J. Ball of the committee, and Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa.

•

There was a steady breeze and the various yachts, which were anchored near the landing-place, looked gracefully bright, decked as they were with flying streamers. A salute was fired from the Oriole, Condor and Cygnet, followed by variously toned whistles which rendered the vicinity a most decidedly noisy one for a considerable time.

•

Everything looked well on Friday. Neatness prevailed at the club house and grounds, and the gay throng of fashionable people lent an air of brilliancy to the scene. Among those who were there were noticed Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Com. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Todd, Miss Cockburn, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Wright, the Misses Beatty, Messrs. A. Piddington, J. Mitchison, G. Boulton, R. F. Stupart, C. Black, N. B. Dick, R. Bogue, Vice-Commodore McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mrs. J. E. Rodgers, Mrs. W. R. Bartlett, Mrs. W. A. McLean, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. William Mulock, Mrs. B. Cumberland, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. R. McLean, Mrs. Ewings, Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore.

•

Friday evening saw countless carriages and pedestrians moving down towards the Queen's, about which a vast crowd gathered to see the Duke review the troops. The uniformed men were much praised, and were, seemingly, in the best of spirits and on their best behavior. The Duchess and Mrs. Cavaye appeared on the balcony, each wearing a long fur-trimmed wrap. The one the Duchess wore allowed an occasional glimpse of a black net gown with a trimming of red ribbons.

•

The review being over, there were numberless dainty little teas, given by various people to their friends. In the words of one of those ladies who enjoyed a cosy repast: "There were teas all over the place."

•

The *Court Journal* announces that at the Queen's Drawing Room, held at Buckingham Palace on May 8, the following ladies from Canada had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty: Mrs. and Miss Richards and Miss Frances Chaffey of Winnipeg. At the second Drawing Room on the Friday following I notice the name of Miss Beatrice Louisa Bickford of Toronto among the list of those presented.

•

Miss Campbell held a reception at Government House on Wednesday.

•

Cards are out for weekly tennis parties at the Grange. They will be continued into July, when Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith leave the city for a summer tour.

•

Ravenswood was the scene of an enjoyable social gaiety on Tuesday evening last, when Mrs. Arthurs welcomed a number of friends to a dance.

•

Miss Stewart of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Cosby.

•

Mrs. Cosby gave a dinner-party on Thursday last, and welcomed a number of friends to afternoon tea on Friday.

•

The Argonaut Club gives an entertainment next week. It promises to be a pleasurable one, and many are looking forward to it in glad anticipation.

•

The many friends of Miss Blanche Lockhart will be glad to learn of her recovery, and to welcome her among them once more.

•

Mrs. McCullough of John street gave an afternoon tea on Thursday of last week. Among those present were: Miss Vankoughnet, the Misses Rutherford, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. H. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses Lockhart, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Fanny Castle, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Brouse and Miss Michie.

•

The hostess looked well in a handsome toilette of black moire, Miss Parsons wore a gray gown and hat; Miss Hoskins' dress was a daintily-combined gray and white and a white turban trimmed with hydrangeas was worn with it; Mrs. Bristol's gown was green silk with black lace trimming, hat of black lace and yellow roses; Mrs. G. Blackstock wore a black lace dress and large black hat.

•

The lacrosse match on Saturday last was well attended. Toronto maidens and Toronto men seemed to take an overwhelming interest in the varied successes and defeats of the game. The St. Regis Indians, though beaten by the Toronto Club, played well. Their stealthy yet powerful and peculiarly Indian movements were commented upon by several.

•

Among those present I noticed the Misses Seymour, Smith, Ryan, Ross, Milligan, Messrs. George and Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Hugh Larratt-Smith, Mr. W. Milligan, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. James Macdonald, Mrs. Fleming and Miss Kate Ryan.

•

The sensation of the week in social circles was the publication in some of the daily papers of a rumor which has been prevalent for some time of the approaching marriage of Mr. W. A. Murray, the well-known King street merchant and Mrs. Sarah E. Cawthra. Although no definite information has been given forth the opinion prevails that it is true and the fact that no public denial of the report has been made tends to confirm it. This marriage, should it occur, would unite two of the largest private fortunes in Toronto.

•

I hear that the wedding at St. Thomas Church on Thursday next will positively be a private one, as none but invited guests will be admitted.

•

Miss Lenora Whitehead of Walkerton is visiting friends in the city.

•

Mrs. Harvey and Miss S. Hostetter of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, passed through the city this week on their way to Muskoka, where they, with a number of friends, will spend the summer.

•

Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa, chaplain of the Upper House of Parliament, visited the city last week.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt of Sherbourne street have left the city for their summer home at Balmy Beach.

•

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the friends of the Orphans' Home took place on Tuesday last. The chair was filled by Alderman Boustead, in the absence of Mayor Clarke. Since May, 1889, seventy-eight children have been received into the home. The average number cared for each month was one hundred and sixty-seven, while there are at present one hundred and seventy-two.

•

The little ones looked healthy and contented. Their happy faces, their pleasing costume, a blue frock with white collar—and their evident appreciation of the meeting in progress, showed how much the home was doing for friendless little waifs.

•

At the conclusion of the reports and addresses the following board of management was elected: First Directress, Mrs. R. Vankoughnet; Second Directress, Mrs. J. S. McMurray; Treasurer, Mrs. R. L. Cowan; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Leigh; Managers, Mrs. R. Vankoughnet, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. D. Ridout, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Lightbourn, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Mills, Mrs. Holmstead; Medical Officers, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. McConnell, Dr. Sprague, Dr. Burt, Dr. Hunter, Dr. P. F. Cowan; Solicitors, M. Huson, W. M. Murray; Committee of Council, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Kivas Tully, S. C. Duncan Clarke, J. S. McMurray, Major Bennett, Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Hugh Johnston, H. Godson, W. R. McMurrich, Henry Cawthra, W. F. Creelman; Matron, Miss Wheelwright.

•

Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds presented quite an animated spectacle yesterday afternoon, when the Toronto Church School held their annual games.

•

T. Mower Martin gave an interesting and instructive lecture in the Presbyterian Ladies' College on Friday evening of last week. The subject was How Pictures are Evolved.

•

A correspondent sends notice of the death of one of the early settlers of Regina. Mr. Thomas Grover was taken to his last resting place on Sunday, May 25, after suffering more or less severely since the beginning of the year from an illness which originated with *la grippe*. The late Thomas Grover, son of the late J. Grover of Middlesex, was born in Wardsville over fifty years ago, studied at Victoria University and graduated at Toronto University as a B.A. He was several years inspector of schools in Ontario and was appointed one of the public school inspectors in the North-West.

Later Music.

The second concert of Mr. Torrington's orchestra on Friday night of last week was largely attended and was very successful in a musical sense. Many of the numbers performed had formed part of the Philharmonic Society's programme two weeks before and showed great improvement from the additional rehearsals. The Rienzi overture was splendidly rendered, as also the bridal music from Lohengrin. Miss Katie Ryan and Mr. H. M. Blight sang the duet from the Flying Dutchman in excellent style and instrumental solos were effectively rendered by Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Aridge and Mr. H. L. Clarke.

•

The great Gilmore always turns up a good programme and good attractions. This year's company is no exception to the general rule. The band is not perhaps equal to that of last year in precision and crispness, but the tone is good and clear while the the balance is excellent. The soloists are headed by Miss Ida Klein, who sang here two years ago with the American Opera Company. She has greatly improved in both singing and appearance since her last visit, and now shows a fine, brilliant soprano voice, well trained and of good volume. Mr. Lavin, the tenor, has been here before, and was very successful on this occasion. Mr. E. O'Mahoney has a fine, free bass voice, which might be a trifle more musical in quality, but is still resonant and powerful. He, also, was a favorite with the audience. The contralto, Mme. Von Doenhoff is of fair excellence. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Torrington, rendered valuable assistance.

•

Messrs. Octavius Newcombe & Co. gave a very enjoyable matinee musicale to a large and appreciative audience at their warerooms last Saturday afternoon. Miss Maud Harris, pupil of the late Dr. Louis Maas of Boston, was the pianist, and Miss Maud Carter, a young contralto who has just returned from Boston where she pursued her studies under Mr. Lyman Wheeler, was the vocalist. The programme included selections by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein. The most enjoyable numbers, perhaps, were the Sonata Pathetique by Beethoven and the Kammenoi Ostrom by Rubinstein, in which Miss Harris showed a finish of detail and phrasing, proving herself to be possessed of a delicate and sympathetic touch and brought out the sweetness of tone of the instrument to its fullest extent. Miss Carter was most admired in her second selection, Le pariate d'Amor, by Gounod. She has a rich, full contralto voice and is a very promising singer.

•

A very successful pupils' recital was given by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Hall on Monday evening, with the assistance of Miss Hillary and Mr. H. M. Blight.

•

On Friday next, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock will give a musicale at her residence, in aid of the library fund of the University. She will be assisted by Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. Francis Fisher Powers, a baritone of celebrity from New York, and the Mahr Brothers.

METRONOME.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The reception to H. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was in spite of the cloudy weather a success from every point of view. The capital was sufficiently well decorated with bunting, and the turn-out large and enthusiastic enough to favorably impress the illustrious couple with the heartiness of the welcome extended. The guards of honor and the mounted escorts showed up well, being trim and soldier like and from frequent practice acquitted themselves most creditably. The scene in the Senate Chamber was brilliant although none of the ladies' costumes were remarkably striking. The mixture of uniform, however, relieved the monotony of the picture and contrasted well with the more sombre attires surrounding them.

Among the ladies clustered around the throne were Lady Macdonald, Lady Thompson, Lady Grant, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. C. H. Tupper, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. H. F. Walker, Mrs. Paget, Miss Gertrude Mackintosh, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Pope, Miss Miall, Mrs. J. E. W. Currier, Mrs. J. Pennington McPherson, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. L'Estrange, Miss Surtees, Mrs. O'Gara, Mrs. and Miss Bliss, Miss Bliss, Miss Schreiber, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. and Miss Gwynne, the Misses Hutchison, the Misses Cameron, Mrs. Kaulbach, Mrs. Berkeley-Powell, Mrs. Askwith, Mrs. Clemow, Mrs. and Miss McLean, Miss White, Miss Ritchie, the Misses Carey, Mrs. King, Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. and Miss Durie, Miss Stewart, Mrs. W. H. Fuller, Mrs. A. J. Christie, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Colby, Miss Egan, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. S. E. Chapleau, the Misses Fournier, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. and Miss Haney, Mrs. Carson, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. and Miss Lay, Mrs. Rowley, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Noine, Madame Chapleau, Madame E. J. Langevin and Mrs. Daly.

The military in attendance were General Sir Fred Middleton, Adjt.-Gen. Powell, Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, Lieut.-Col. White, Lieut.-Col. T. Ross, Major Wickstead, Major Walsh, Col. Panet, Lieut.-Col. Tilton, Major Sherwood, Major Heron, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Major Todd, Lieut.-Col. Macon, Major Wainwright.

Those who had the honor of lunching at Earnscliffe with their Royal Highnesses were Sir John and Lady Macdonald, the host and hostess, their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston, General Sir John McNeill, V.C., Col. and Mrs. Cavaye, Captain Hon. C. R. Colville, Lieut. Hon. Edward Stanley, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, His Worship Mayor Errett, Dr. Kilkelly and Mr. J. Pope.

In no city in Canada are the various strata of society so well defined as in Ottawa. This was well exemplified on the occasion of the reception of the Duke and Duchess, when the order of precedence was rigidly adhered to in issuing the invitations to the floor of the Senate Chamber. First came the ministers of the crown, their wives and daughters; then the privy councillors not of the Cabinet, their wives and daughters; wives and daughters of the Mayor and aldermen; senators, their wives and daughters; judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, their wives and daughters; members of the House of Commons, their wives and daughters; the judge of the Exchequer Court and family, the sheriff of the County of Carleton, judge of the County Court; wives and daughters of deputy heads of departments; wives and daughters of officers of both Houses of Parliament holding seats on the floors of the houses; the United States Consul-General; the Archbishop of Ottawa and representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy; the Bishop of Ontario and resident clergymen of the Protestant churches with their wives and daughters, and finally prominent citizens with their wives and daughters.

The summer exodus to the sea shore and to the thousand and one summer resorts known vaguely as "the country" has commenced and already numerous private residences have as-

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful whatchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS
Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Drawing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $3. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
Hand-made, Perfect-fitting Gloves, in all the new grey tints. Send for Price List.
Millinery, Dressmaking, Corsets
W. M. STITT & CO, 11 & 13 King Street East.

CANADIAN ROUTE
Via RIVER ST. LAWRENCE
Dominion Line. Beaver Line
Some excellent staterooms available.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge St.

THE
RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS
OF
CIGARS
MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.
NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now prepared to show a choice selection of
French and American Pattern Bonnets
AND
MILLINERY NOVELTIES
The Dressmaking Department being under able management.
Satisfaction is Guaranteed

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $25. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

There are few women who have not red letter days. Some anniversaries bring pleasant thoughts—a gleam to the eye and a smile to the lips. Some bring sighs. Some bring tears. Though I rather despise the habit of hoarding sorrow only to scatter it about in the future, I yet have my red letter days. I greet them in the morning—gladly or a little gloomily as the occasion brings joy or sadness, and I think the memory of other times cannot but benefit us if we are strong. We may perhaps learn from past trouble that the best way to dispose of sorrow is to bear it with as little flinching as we can.

•

Oh! the stories I have heard of dreams that "came true!" I remember in the long ago how I used to sit with horror-raised hair and listen to Mary Ann's well colored tales of true dreams. The shivers played tag on my spinal column. A creepy-crawly feeling stole up my arms, and I drew my feet to the chair-rung to be out of the way of any wandering hobgoblins which might be straying in my direction. The candle sputtered and flickered, the shadows danced on the red wall, and Mary Ann went on with her stories while she fashioned a dress for my doll.

That was the time when I "believed in" dreams; and that time has lain for many years in the past.

These sleep-born imaginations do sometimes puzzle and distress one. That does not, however, make their pretensions to truth any more worthy. In my mind they bear no more relation to reality than a disagreeable or blood-curdling paragraph in a book which is pure fiction.

Let us not be so superstitious as to imagine that the vagaries of a frolicsome and unrudered brain must of necessity "mean something." Strictly speaking, I suppose they do, but the something is often the indigestible tid-bit of a late supper, or the complaining of a restless conscience—not whispers of future happenings.

•

Did it ever happen that any of my readers tried to work when a poor little screaming baby was doing its best to unsettle the silence of two or three houses? It is well to cultivate a habit of "keeping cool" when baby-screams penetrate one's room. It is always a sure thing that the little one's head aches far worse than yours, and if yours aches very hard try and feel sorry for the baby.

What I very seriously object to is the dialogue which some people persist in keeping up with a sleepily-cross baby.

It is varied in its form of address, and beginning with: "Whish-h! There now, good baby, go to seep," may end up with the somewhat abrupt information that a "whipping" will follow the continuation of screams.

The idea of threatening a child is repulsive. With infants, the angry tone only increases the baby's nervousness. As to noise the mother's loud-voiced scolding is more disagreeable than the wailing.

With older children, the threats of wicked and ignorant persons people dark rooms with awful shapes and mean black bears under every table.

So for the sake of the babies, and those within earshot, threatening dialogue touching better behavior could be well dispensed with.

•

Speaking with a pleasant-faced brown-eyed girl of Florida, she gave me some of her impressions regarding it. It was in Orange county that her family had taken up residence, and when I asked her if it was not pleasant there, she unhesitatingly said, "No indeed, for it was so hot. There were only two months that were at all cool, and in February the thermometer stood at 90°."

Questioning her with regard to the fruit I learned that the orange crop comes in December and is gone in February. "Ours were," she said, "and we had none until the next year. Guavas are very nice, but few like them at once. When first I saw them they were sliced, and looked to me like cucumbers in pink and white."

Bananas are very tender, and pines have to be covered in case of frost, which, though it seldom does come, spreads ruin over the fruit crop at every visit.

"It was so very hot," said the young girl wearily, so wearily that I fancied the remembrance of those burning days caused languor even now.

The sand is fine and white. The grass is long and wiry. For lawns the Bermuda grass is used, and it grows like a mat, though it is darker than in Canada.

"The fruit is, of course, nice, but we can have it here. We still have our grove and have had oranges sent up to us."

My soul has always leaned towards the tropics. Flowers and fruit are powerful factors of happiness in the concrete, but those indicated discomforts of the heat have made me somewhat more contented. I shall rather enjoy living in the north, especially in blossom-time, and eat southern fruits with appreciation, though they may be plucked green and ripened artificially.

•

Distance does not always lend enchantment to the view.

Just here I may as well make a confession. I have ridiculed uniforms indiscriminately. I have even spoken of monkeys and monkey-shines, meaning uniforms of various kinds, and parades of several descriptions.

I will admit, however, that handsome men on fine bicycles look well—when you are near them.

Walking down the street the other morning a wheel passed me. It was moving rapidly over the wheelman's paradise—Jarvis street pavement—and, as it passed, I admired the man's grace and ease.

As he went on I observed that his tan shoes gave him a barefooted appearance. I laughed a little at the comicality of it, and upon looking again found that distance had transformed him into a jumping-jack with, to all appearances, a very energetic youngster controlling the jumping apparatus.

•

Women who wear gold beads have been puzzled and embarrassed to find that narrow black rings encircle their white little throats after the charming necklaces have been returned to their cases.

"Why, what makes that?" they cry. "The jeweler has cheated me. I shall tell him of it."

I wouldn't if I were you.

"Why?" you ask, and I answer, Emerald Isle fashion: "Don't you know what makes it? Why, nothing else but powder."

Try it. Sprinkle powder on a cloth and pass your beads over it.

That method will save the poor jeweler considerable discomfort, for he will not feel very much like telling you that you must have used powder freely, and you would feel superlatively small to think you said a word about it.

•

A chatelaine-bag, whose contents were lately piled upon a table, held:—A purse, card-case, note-book, pencil, keys, bon-bon box, stamp case, street-car whistle, case for car tickets, glove-buttoner, pocket comb, penknife and handkerchief. The happy owner shook some crumbs of cocoanut taffy from it, and said: "It's so handy," as she proceeded to return the various articles.

•

When I read an account of Stanley's little love story, the first thought that came was a pitying one. How often during those weary months, he must have longed to see the woman he loved.

He does look stern, almost repelling, but the gray mustache may hide a lip that is tender in its curve. One can fancy that the daring explorer might look sad and sorrowful sometimes, and that mental quotations from fervent poets might have been made when only star-eyes saw him. CLIP CAREW.

Board Wanted Immediately.

What is Flirtation?

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ball-room,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips,
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a cab',
'Tis long good-nights in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end, farewell, my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

—*London Figaro.*

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 50 cents each.

In the matter of business or day dress the most fashionable worn at present is the two-button cutaway morning coat and is the most favorite for business use. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a lower cut in front with only two buttons, leaving more space on the shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The vest to be cut as low in proportion with roll or step collar. The material used is dark blue or black cheviott in full suitings, or coat and vest with a light stripe or check trousering. This contrast makes a very handsome as well as a very dressy suit. Having just received an excellent line of these goods, would ask your inspection before purchasing your spring and summer suit elsewhere. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

BELLEEK

This CHINA is equal in delicacy of fabric and beautiful finish to the old EGGSHELL of the Chinese (the most highly esteemed porcelain in past ages and that which is regarded at present as the rarest specimen of the potter's art).

I have just opened a choice selection of the above china.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM JUNOR
IMORTER OF
Fine Porcelain
Rich Cut Glass
Art Pottery, etc.
Telephone 2177
109 King St. West - - Toronto

AMERICAN
CLOCK & JEWELRY CO.
American Watches
Non-Magnetic Watches
AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
JEWELRY MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING
DIAMOND MOUNTING, ETC.
HIGH GRADE WATCHES REPAIRED AND ADJUSTED
C. WRIGHT Manager.
169½ Yonge Street, Next Door to Imperial Bank

LADIES WHO WISH TO SEE
Artistic Hats and Bonnets
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York should visit our Parlors.
MISS BURNETT, 117 Yonge St.

1890 : SPRING : 1890
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 YONGE STREET
Beg to announce that they are now showing a full line of
FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS
in all the latest styles for spring trade.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Felt and Silk Hats
IMPORTERS OF
Ladies' Silk Riding Hats and Velvet Hunting Caps
MOTHS
Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleansed from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

GAS STOVES
The Hot Water Problem Solved
BY THE DANGLER PATENT HOT WATER HEATER
which, being connected with the boiling burners, heats the water whenever cooking is being done on them. As it is a part of the range, the same as in a coal or wood stove, the cost and inconvenience of a separate burner for water heating are entirely done away with. Undoubtedly one of the greatest improvements ever made in Gas Cooking Ranges.
We have also a complete stock of one, two, three and four burner Gas Stoves of the latest improved construction and finish.
Every range guaranteed to be a perfect success.
SOLE AGENTS FOR TORONTO
C. S. McDONALD & CO.
187 Yonge Street

- IN -
WEDDING
PRESENTS
Our Stock is second to none.
Fancy Candlesticks
Piano and Bauquet Lamps
Elegant Art Goods
Sterling Silver
in endless variety, and appropriate Novelties too numerous to mention.
RYRIE BROS.
JEWELERS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

BURTON ALE
AND
DUBLIN STOUT
Look—$1.20 per dozen delivered. Finest in the market.
E. W. BRAZIL & CO., Wine Merchants
Telephone 678.
165 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

ISLAND
Monreith House, West Walk
HANLAN'S POINT
This fine Island Residence has been entirely refitted and refurnished for the season, and is under ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT. Terms reasonable. First class bill of fare, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Beautiful views of the Lake, Bay and City from all points. Boating facilities of the best. Single and double rooms for gentlemen. Special rates for families. For terms address—
PROPRIETOR,
Monreith House,
West Point, Island.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY
PRICE 25¢
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)
Is now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

Armson & Stone.
PARASOLS---SPECIAL
BLOUSE WAISTS
Over 200 to choose from, at $2.95 and $3.75.
LESS THAN ACTUAL COST PRICE
Stylish Millinery
DIRECT IMPORTERS
212 YONGE STREET
Lovely Flower Seeds
The ladies all remark the excellency of our SEEDS this year. If you want a profusion of Beautiful FLOWERS, send 10c. silver for several Packets of carefully assorted new Seeds. A fine picture catalogue free with every order.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

CAMP SUPPLIES
Canned Fruits Canned Fish
Norfolk Meat Devilled Ham
Irish Sausage Soups
Curried Fowl Potted Veal & Ham
Everything you want in this line to be had from the
GEO. W. SHAVER CO., Ltd.
TORONTO'S LEADING GROCERS
244 Yonge Street
Telephone your orders to No. 1350.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

A. E. FAWCETT
Successor to C. Sheppard
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
67 King Street West
Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 22.

MOTH CAMPHOR
For the PREVENTION and DESTRUCTION of MOTHS in FUR and WOOLEN GOODS. Cheaper than ordinary Camphor and much more effective.
DALMATIAN INSECT POWDER
PURE AND FRESHLY GROUND.
For the destruction of Insects of all kinds. For sale at
McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge St., opp. Shuter St.
(R. A. Wood's Old Stand)
Telephone 479. All orders promptly attended to.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS
From the Best Foreign Makers and Designers, at
H. S. MORISON & CO.'S, 218 Yonge Street
For the month of June we will offer great bargains in the above goods, comprising:
FINE ENGLISH CAMBRICS, at 10c. and 12½c., worth 15c. and 18c.
FRENCH SATEENS, at 12½c., 15c., 20c. and 25c.. cheapest goods in the trade.
FINE FRENCH SATEENS AND WOOL DELAINES, exclusive colorings and designs.
DRESS GOODS—SPECIAL, 100 pieces Printed and Plain Twill De Beige at 7c., worth 20c.
150 Combination Suitings, at $3, $3.25, $3.50, $3.75, $4.
MOIRE RIBBONS—A new lot just to hand in black and colors.
SUMMER WRAPS in Jet and Silk, at great reductions.
Traveling Cloaks and Seaside Wraps, at $3, $4 and $5.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER IV.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."

Col. Callander prolonged his stay in town for a few days, as he wished to consult Dr. B—, the great specialist for nerves, and had to wait for an appointment. His letters, however, were cheerful, and full of small details, which showed that he was fast regaining his normal condition of mind, and powers of enjoyment.

His wife wrote to him every day. Long epistles which excited Dorothy's surprise. "What can she have to write about?" she said to herself. "For though it is pleasant—our life here—one day is like another."

Since her confession of doubts respecting Egerton to her guardian, she had felt happier. She was, perhaps, a little too really to quarrel with him, but she was always restless till she made friends again.

Mabel did not rally from her attack of neuralgia as quickly or as completely as Dorothy hoped and expected.

In vain the younger sister urged her to join the carnival in town, and avail herself of Dr. B——'s skill. She refused, with a degree of impatience that astonished Dorothy.

Meantime, the preparations for Miss Oakeley's concert went on with much vigor. The dowager called every day, and insisted that Mabel should take what she called an "airing" in her agreeable company, and poor Mabel dared not refuse.

Egerton contrived to be a good deal with Dorothy, and as he always talked like a pleasant friend, and seemed to have laid aside the lover, she had no excuse for quarrelling with him, while she was somewhat irritated by the quiet ingenuity with which he contrived to appropriate her, while everyone else evidently made way for him, always excepting Frank Selby, the young German aforementioned, who, with a certain boyish fun and audacity, boldly tried to gather all the crumbs that fell from Egerton's richest table. It pleased and amused Dorothy to assist him as much as possible.

At all this Standish looked with much interest, seeing very clearly that Dorothy did not even like Egerton as well as she once did. Indeed, the young lady's moods and conduct puzzled him a good deal at this time, and he was somehow less lenient in his judgment on her than formerly.

Miss Oakeley, whose imagination never suggested a picture of repose as a thing to be enjoyed, was always "making up parties," "organizing picnics," or gathering together somewhat noisy collections of young people to dine or sup. She enjoyed to the full the liberty which wealth, and wealth only, bestows on an unmarried woman. Though willing to be thought much younger, Miss Oakeley supported her pretensions to originality by proclaiming aloud that at thirty a girl (!) might venture to dispense with chaperones. In many ways she was a thorn in her austere aunt's side. Nevertheless, she was not much more from a girl whose innate purity and rectitude are guaranteed by the possession of four thousand a year! And then, Herbert had behaved so heedlessly to her! In his place, a more tender, senior, could not shut her heart against a creature so endowed.

"Mr dear Mabel," cried Miss Oakeley, walking unceremoniously into the drawing-room of The Knoll one cool, gray morning, as Dorothy was singing a German sleepy song to her little niece, who stood beside her, trying to join, while Mabel was playing with her boy on the sofa; "my dear Mabel, what a idyllic scene! and I came to drag you away from your babies. I want you to come back with me to luncheon. Major St. John and Mr. Standish are coming, and we will ask Mr. Egerton if he will join them. Then they are to escort me to the port. There is a Spanish or Portuguese ship there, and they have a wonderful parrot who speaks several languages. I want to buy it. I shall teach it English, and complete its education. I should like to go on board and see what it is like, and what the ship is. Now I want you and Dorothy to come, too; it will be an expedition. I believe there are some curious old streets about the port, too."

"They are shockingly dirty," said Mabel, "and I have promised to go out with Mrs. Callander. She has delighted to ask the children, and I think Herbert would be annoyed if I refused. But Dorothy will go, I daresay."

"My dear Mabel," returned Miss Oakeley, composing her round, good humored face and restless black eyes to a serious aspect, "what do you do with yourself all day? You never join in anything or go anywhere. Do you lie on the sofa from morning till night reading novels? I do not wonder at your looking pale and woe-begone! Why, you are making an old woman of yourself! Isn't she, Dorothy?"

"I don't think she is very strong," said Dorothy, leaving the piano and coming to side beside her sister; "at all events, she must not be scolded. I should like to see the foreign ship, Henrietta. I will come with you. Let me go and change my dress."

"That is a good girl; don't be long."

"I hear you are as gay as the means of little Fordham permit," said Mabel, making excuse for her cousin on the sofa beside her gathering up her baby boy in her arms and hushing him gently to sleep.

"It isn't half a bad little place," returned Miss Oakley, "and there are so few people to give parties or keep the ball rolling that they are grateful to anyone who does. Dear me is very nice to me—indeed, I do very much what I like. Why, that was Mr. Egerton who passed the window, wasn't it?"

"I did not see; but very likely it was."

"Of course he is here a good deal. How are matters going on!"

"Oh! I don't know," wearily.

"Nonsense, Mabel, you must know. Surely she will not be such a goose as to refuse."

"Mr. Egerton," announced Collins, the colonel's soldier servant.

"Oh! we were just talking of you, Mr. Egerton. I want you to come back to lunch with me. I have two or three men guests and Dorothy. We are all going down to the port after to see what curios we can pick up from the Spanish sailors. They have a wonderful parrot on which I have set my heart. I suppose one could hardly find a real mantilla among these people? The captain would not have a wife on board who would be willing for a consideration to part with her best 'go to meeting' mantilla?"

"No, I think not," he said, turning from Mabel, with whom he had exchanged greetings. "I have seen some of these people, they are rather rough specimens, there are only a sprinkling of Spaniards, some are from Valencia, my mother's country."

"Ah! yes to be sure! You must be our interpreter. I wish Dorothy would come, I am burning to get luncheon over and attack these people.

"I am sorry I cannot join you at lunch. I have a particular engagement with my old skipper. I have some thoughts of buying the Gitana if the owner satisfies me on one or two points."

"But you really must!"

"I am infinitely distressed to be obliged to refuse you," said Egerton airily; "but I'll try to meet you at the dock. I believe that Portuguese schooner is lying alongside. I'll be very happy to translate for you, though my Spanish is growing rusty. I used to speak it as much as I spoke English while my poor mother lived."

"Oh thanks! a thousand thanks," cried Miss Oakeley. "Then I feel sure of the parrot. Ah! here comes Dorothy. How long you have been beautifying! You must scold this obstinate man. He will not come to lunch, and Dorothy will be obliged to depend on Mr. Selby for an escort."

"No! Mr. Standish will be there, and I have a sort of vested right to my guardian," said Dorothy, laughing.

"Come," repeated Miss Oakeley, kissing her hand to Mabel, "we'll bring you a fairing," and she walked briskly out of the room, while Egerton holding the door open whispered to Dorothy as she passed:

"Standish is a far more formidable rival than Selby!"

Dorothy gave him a startled glance and colored crimson, saying coldly:

"I cannot understand you."

She hurried after Miss Oakeley, her veins tingling with vexation and a sort of fear. Was it possible that Egerton perceived and dared to hint at what she herself shrunk from perceiving? That hint turned the scale, and as she walked on briskly beside Miss Oakeley, hearing, without listening to, her animated chatter, she made up her mind that she both disliked and distrusted Egerton; that there was something cruel and relentless in his fine dark eyes, that he tried in some way to dominate her. At the thought, her spirit rose defiantly. He should find he had no fool to deal with! Why did he pretend to pose as her lover when he did not care a straw for her? What was his object?

The luncheon party was merry and noisy, they chaffed each other, and talked all together, and told stories, more or less credible; but Miss Oakeley cut them short and expressed her anxiety to start in search of the much desired parrot.

"What's the matter, Dorothy?" asked Standish, as they sallied forth. "You have neither eaten nor talked."

"Don't mind, dear," cried Miss Oakeley, who overheard the remark. "He is to meet us presently, you know," and with an insufferably knowing smile she fell back to allow of Major St. John joining her.

Standish laughed.

"That is what may be called delicate tact," he said; "I'm glad eyes cannot kill or it would be all over with our dear Henrietta! I never thought you could develop into such a fierce—what shall I say, warrior angel."

"Paul, you are unkind, and you do not care that I am annoyed and worried."

"Why, Dorothy, what is there to worry you? No one can force you to do what you don't wish, and I must say you annoyance does not speak indifference."

"Indifference," she repeated in a low, earnest tone: "No! indifference is merged in dislike."

"I never knew you unreasonable—that is, decidedly unreasonable, before."

"I suppose, on the whole that is a compliment," said Dorothy, drily. Further conversation was prevented by Mr. Selby, who attached himself to Dorothy. She was very quiet and silent, but her young admirer was quite willing to do all the talking himself.

"Standish was guide. He had rambled much about the older parts of Eastport during those hours when his usual companions were either in bed or at breakfast, and he now led them through narrow streets of red-roofed irregular houses with many a projecting window and deep porch thickly studded with taverns and public-houses adorned by curious, quaint signs, past a very old red-brick, two-storied church, with dormer windows in the roof, and an ivy-grown square tower that boasted some fine bells, altogether a remarkable mixture of the welling-house and the sanctuary, past an evil-smelling fish market, where wonderful "old tars," male and female, for the fish wives were scarcely womanly, and through groups of fishy seafaring men, down to a small dock, its walls much battered and gray with age and weather, into which the sea ran at high water, receding as the tide fell and leaving an abyss of malodorous mud behind. This was the only harbor for craft unconnected with the navy, and all the small fry of vessels which brought foreign merchandise, and they were not many, went into it.

"Looking on this picture—and on this," said Standish, with a slight nod in the direction of an ancient "purveyor of fish," who invited them to buy, and whose coarse, tanned upper garment was turned back, showing a much-stained striped and ragged petticoat, and then touching Dorothy's dainty costume. "The force of idealizing could no further go."

"Yet that poor old thing must have been pretty once," said Dorothy, glancing kindly at her. "How terrible the old age of the poor must be. When they can no longer work they become burdens, and I am afraid their relatives do not disguise the fact."

"Yet there is a wonderful amount of kindness from the poor to the poor, and granted the difference of habit and manner between such a woman and a gentlewoman, it must be harder to its poor old dependants than another. It is the absolute physical needs of poverty, stricken old age that are so sad. I don't think we have half enough refuges for the aged. Suggest this source of occupation and excite-ment to your friend, Miss Oakeley, a set of almshouses on the hill behind the town lines, would look picturesque—or might look picturesque—and gave comfort and rest to some poor worn-out toilers."

"Pray mention the plan yourself; you have a good deal more influence than I have."

"There is the dock and there is the ship. It is the same we saw standing across the bay the other evening, you remember."

"I do. How picturesque the old place looks, and the masts and cordage against the soft gray sky, the general leaden hue, and the bright red caps of those sailors who are grouped round that gentleman. Why, it is Mr. Egerton!"

"Yes, there is Mr. Egerton," cried Miss Oakeley, coming up with them as they paused. "I was sure he would be before us."

A few minutes more brought them to the spot where Egerton stood talking with some of the swarthy crew. "Well!" he exclaimed, coming forward to meet them; "I have been sounding some of my demi-semi compatriots, and they are ready to sell you everything, their ship and themselves into the bargain, but they are a little uncertain about the parrot. It belongs to a Spanish fellow called Guiseppe, who speaks a little English, so he is gone into the town to market. The crew are chiefly Portuguese, with a sprinkling of Moors and Spaniards. I must say my Spanish cousins are the only good-looking fellows among them. I am rather proud that they understand me. There, that big sailor, who seems to be terribly in need of an outfit, he comes from my mother's part of the country, and recognized some of my expressions as 'Valenciano.' He signed to the man to approach, which he did, with a graceful, haughty bow.

While Egerton spoke to him, Dorothy looked earnestly at the strong, active form, the swarthy face of the sailor, with its glittering dark eyes, massive cruel jaw, and somewhat overhanging brow. The mouth was hidden by the thick jet black mustache, through which the strong white teeth showed when he spoke and smiled.

"Yes, he is good-looking—very handsome, indeed; but I should be afraid of him. He looks as if he would murder anyone for sixpence."

"Sixpence! No, two and-sixpence, perhaps," said Egerton, laughing. "But I assure you, Spanish peasants are very fine fellows. I used to like them immensely when I stayed in the country some years ago. I don't know much of the seafaring population. I don't suppose they stick at trifles, Miss Oakeley," he continued, "I have asked the men to bring any curiosities they may have out here. I don't think the ship is exactly the most cleanly or agreeable spot to drive a bargain in."

Here some eager talk and pointing of hands towards the town across the harbor drew his attention to a short, broad man coming towards them, a net full of vegetables slung over his shoulder, a broad, brawny, good-humored faced man, with black ringlets, and a smiling mouth never quite closed over his brilliantly white teeth. Hastening his steps at the unusual cry of "Guiseppe," he deposited his net in their midst, took off his cap and bowed with much deference.

"You ought to be more lenient to my friend Diego," said Egerton aside to Dorothy. "He has asked me who the fair, beautiful angel is; if she is my—sister."

"I am much obliged to him. Even his flattering approbation does not change my opinion."

Meantime, Miss Oakeley, finding that Guiseppe spoke English, began negotiations with him at once.

The Portuguese was all that deferential politeness in demand, but asked an exorbitant price for his parrot and stuck to it. His broken English amused Miss Oakeley, and she proceeded to the bargaining to make him talk. Guiseppe vowed that the bird was as dear to him as a brother; that it had a most extraordinary history. "Once," said its proud owner, "he had been wrecked, and contrived to escape to an uninhabited island, where he suddenly found himself addressed by this parrot who was perched on a tree! Wonderful, too; rather curious Spanish—and the bird had attached itself to him—had accompanied him when he was rescued, and never had been parted since. Stay, he would fetch it to show the lady. It was a wonderful bird. No money would pay him for it." He picked up his net of vegetables and went on toward the town.

"He is going to ask a big price," said Egerton to Miss Oakeley. "Don't give it."

"But I should like to buy the bird," she exclaimed. "It is such a curious story. Why, it may be a hundred years old. You know, they live to an immense age."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, you are horribly incredulous."

"It is a picturesque group," said Standish, calmly scrutinizing the figures before him; "these dark desperadoes, the accurately dressed Englishmen, Miss Oakeley, and yourself, and the background of gray sea and sky. You seem to have fascinated Egerton's Valencian friend. He is gazing in wonder and admiration at you."

"I think he is very like Mr. Egerton; or rather Mr. Egerton would be very like him in the same clothes."

Standish laughed heartily. "Fancy Egerton in those rags! I cannot say I see the likeness."

"Well, I do!" returned Dorothy, with a shudder.

Standish looked at her surprised.

"Have you caught a cold, Dorothy?" he asked, with more earnestness than the occasion seemed to need.

"Yes—I suppose so—I feel chilled to the heart," said Dorothy, as if the words escaped her involuntarily. Standish looked round.

"I wish there was some wrap here to put round you," he exclaimed.

"Stand near me!" murmured Dorothy. "I—you will think me foolish—but I do not like these people."

"You are far more fanciful than you used to be, but if you wish me near you, no one shall come between us. And he drew closer to her. "See, he continued, "here comes Guiseppe and his parrot. It is no great beauty to look at."

Then the chaffering began. Guiseppe avowing at last that no money would tempt him to part with his dear, tried companion, so he would give it to her, and she should pay him what little token of acknowledgment she liked.

"What a nice, generous little man, she cried. "Will then, will five pounds satisfy you?"

With a gesture of resignation he said, "whatever the lady likes," and scratched his Poll's head with a sentimental air.

"Do find out what will satisfy him," said Miss Oakeley to Egerton.

"If he is not satisfied he ought to be," he retorted.

"Will you bring the parrot to me early to-morrow to the Pier Hotel?" she continued. "There is my card; I will settle the matter between us. I will have a nice new cage ready. You must tell me what the dear thing eats and drinks! Poor Poll, pretty Poll!"—she attempted to caress it, but the "pretty creature" made a fierce, determined attempt to bite the caressing hand, and uttered a volley of choice epithets which did credit to the resources of the Spanish tongue.

The sailors laughed unrestrainedly, and even Egerton smiled.

"Tis because he is in my hand, signora," cried Guiseppe. "He will love you in a week, and I leave myself to your generosity."

"It is all over with you, Miss Oakeley, if you bargain with the devil single-handed."

"But don't you see there will be no bargaining. He leaves everything to me."

Egerton shrugged his shoulders, and Guiseppe, with a bow and an air of humility, stepped back to make way for a gaunt, grizzled, Jew-ish-looking man, who offered an old dagger with a curiously wrought silver hilt and scabbard, frightfully in want of plate brush and powder, while another produced a few bits of gold filagree. These last Dorothy admired, and Standish bought immediately. These were sent to the carriage that waited for them, and after some further talk with the smiling, gesticulating Guiseppe, Miss Oakeley and party moved off, while the foreign sailors closed up and continued to talk and laugh loudly among themselves.

Egerton took his place beside Dorothy, with the evident intention of accompanying her home, and Standish, reminded by a glance of his promise to keep near her, held his position at her other side. After a friendly good-bye from Miss Oakeley, and an explanation that they could not meet again that day, the party divided, and young Selby went disconsolately away to solace himself with a game of pool before dressing for dinner.

On reaching The Knoll Dorothy bid both her companions good-bye.

"I am too tired to talk any more," she said with a pleasant, arch smile, that took all asperity from her words, "and as Mabel appears to have gone out I will not disturb her."

Standish shook his head. "You must remember my holiday is nearly over. I shall come to-morrow early. Why, I haven't seen Mabel to-day."

"I dare not take such liberties, said Egerton, "but I hope to have a glimpse of you both to-morrow."

"*Auf wiedersehn*," cried Dorothy, waving her hand before disappearing into the house.

The two men walked away silently for a few paces. They were by no means as congenial as formerly. Standish could not account for it; Egerton was always agreeable and obliging, but of late he had been less cordial—more reserved. Whenever he found Standish installed in Mabel's drawing-room he seemed, with all his tact in masking his feelings, to be too irritated to resist uttering stinging though veiled allusions to the extraordinary conscientiousness with which Standish performed his duties as guardian or watch dog.

"Can it be that I create any jealous feeling in his mind?" thought Standish. "Does he think that a bright, fastidious, and rather romantic young creature like Dorothy would give more than a friendly thought to a fellow old enough, or nearly old enough, to be her father?—who has been pretty well battered in the struggle for life, and with a host of not exhilarating memories behind him. Good forbid that such an idea should ever be suggested to her, to tarnish the happy familiarity of our intercourse, or check her frank confidence in me! Yet in some ways she is older than Mabel, bolder, stronger; she has grown more womanly of late, too, very much more! Handsome, wealthy, well-born as he is, I doubt if Egerton is worthy of her." He glanced at his companion. His brows were knit, and his mouth set with a hard expression. Catching Standish's eyes he laughed a slight, good-humored laugh, his expression changing completely.

"You think I am the picture of a rejected lover," he said, with an air of frank confidence. "The fact is I am both ridiculous and disheartened. Your fascinating little ward is so resolutely cold! If I thought she had given her heart to anyone else—of course I would not annoy her by pressing my suit. But I don't think she has. She amuses herself with that boy Selby; it is the nature of the cat-like feminine nature to torment any mouse that lets itself be caught. Why should she not fancy me? I have always got on very well with women. It's some girl—or two—and I assure you I am convinced that patience and perseverance are levers which shall lift her resistance and shiver it to atoms, eventually as I am sure of your consent when I can win here! What a dainty, charming little witch it is! Her gravity—her apparent penetration—her sweet smile when you know what a dash of the devil there is under it! To inspire such a creature as that with a real downright passion would be worth a good deal of trouble, don't you think so?" turning sharply and looking full into his companion's face.

Standish suddenly flushed under his tanned skin, and met Egerton's eyes with a cold grave look.

"The love of such a woman is doubtless well worth the trouble of winning," he said seriously, "if it is for you."

"Do you know there's a touch of defiance in your tone?" returned Egerton, laughing. "I don't think you are as heartily on my side as Callander is."

"Why should I not be on your side? You are what all match-makers would call an unexceptionable *parti*."

"Oh! there is no knowing the depths of inscrutable motive in so experienced an old fellow as you are!" Then drawing out his watch, he went on, "Five-thirty! I'll have time to catch the six forty-five express. I think I'll run up to town for twenty-four hours. There are various things to be attended to which I have neglected. You'll excuse my leaving you so abruptly, but I have to dress and give my man some directions. Good-bye till to-morrow. Make my excuses at The Knoll." He jumped into an open fly which was crawling near, and which he had hailed, and ordering the man to "Beach House Hotel," drove rapidly away.

Standish looked after him, a curious expression contracting his brow. "She is right," he said to himself. "He does not love her; there was not a note of love or even passion in his tones. What can his game be? And what magic has opened Dorothy's eyes to the truth? It is all beyond my comprehension."

Mrs. Callander came back from her walk looking, as Dorothy thought, unusually well—with more than her ordinary color. I met Mrs. Markham and we took a stroll on the beach together. She is very amusing, and told me some droll stories of the people she had known at Naples and Palermo, where her husband was the British Mediterranean station. Real life seems much more extraordinary than the life of novels," said Mabel, as she sat with her head on her mother's evening meal.

"I daresay it is. Henrietta Oakeley and I had a glimpse of the romantic—the roughly picturesque—life of it to-day," and Dorothy proceeded to describe their visit to the old dock and their interview with Guiseppe.

"What quantities of money Henrietta must spend," said Mrs. Callander. "She is very generous and good-natured. But I cannot believe Mr. Egerton could be like a common sailor, Dorothy."

"He was, I assure you, but the man was not a common sailor. He was very handsome, wonderfully wicked looking—just what Mr. Egerton might have been if he had not been educated and trained and taught his catechism and made an English gentleman."

"He certainly is more an English gentleman than anything else."

"Goodness knows," returned Dorothy.

"Then was anyone rude to you with such hesitation, Mabel said in a soft, caressing voice, "are you sure, dear Dorothy, that you do not—cannot love Rashal Egerton?"

"Yes; quite sure," returned Dorothy, promptly. "Would you wish me to marry him?"

"I only wish for what would make you happy—happy as a dream, dear, dearest sister. Don't you know how I love you? Nearly as much as my children; but, oh, I envy you, Dorothy."

"Envy me!" Why?" smiling and stretching out her hand to her sister.

"Oh, because you are so much stronger than I am. If you do not like or approve anything, you can say no. You cannot fancy how impossible it is to say no to a person who asks me to say yes?"

"Well, fortunately you have not much trouble in that way, Mabel, for you have all you want, and——"

"Oh, Dorothy! I have my troubles too—just now I have been writing to say 'no' to Herbert this morning."

"What about!" asked Dorothy, startled and greatly amazed.

"About the expedition to Switzerland, or wherever he wanted to go. I really do not feel equal to it. I do not feel as if I could go."

"Why not?" she repeated imploringly at her sister. Dorothy grew very grave. "He will be awfully vexed. What has induced you to give it up?"

"Just what I told you. I cannot go."

"Dear Mabel! I wish you had not done this. It will be such a blow to Herbert. A quiet journey with you would have done him so much good. Have you posted the letter?"

"Yes; he will get it this evening."

"Ah! that is the worst of it. I do wish you had not written. Unless you are really unwell (and I have been very uneasy about you), you could surely manage to bear a little travelling, and it would do you good, I am sure. You have had such a strained, dazed look lately. I am sure your neuralgia has been worse than you admit. This will be a great blow to Herbert. I feel it will be. Do telegraph to say that you will be ready to start—that you are better. Do, dear, dear Mabel. You know in his state of health it might——"

"That is just it," interrupted Mabel, with tremulous eagerness. "Suppose he were taken ill when I was alone with him? I should not know what to do. I should be quite unnerved——"

"Mabel; this is not like you. You ought not to have refused. I am dreadfully distressed."

"Ah, Dorothy," cried Mabel, pressing her hands tightly together; "you must not desert me. You must keep on my side. We have always loved each other, and you must back me up about this horrid journey. Why need Herbert go rushing about? The tranquillity of his own house is better for him than noisy hotels and rapid journeys! I will do all I can for him here, and then, you know him, if he thinks I do not want to go he won't care about it. He must be a great deal better from his report of what Dr. B. says—that a few months' care and quiet will entirely restore him—and he was much more cheerful before he went to town."

"That may all be true, still—oh, Mabel! how had you the heart to disappoint him?"

Mabel's only answer was to rise, and approaching her sister, who was standing near the window, she threw her arms around her, and laying her head on her shoulder pressed her closely till Dorothy felt the strong beating of her heart, the quick, sobbing breathe. "You do not know. You cannot understand."

"I cannot, indeed, unless you tell me. Why do you keep anything from me, dearest? I am not very wise, but it is well to look at things sometimes through other people's eyes. Oh, that I had some magic to draw back that letter before it reaches Herbert's hands. I wish you had never written it!"

(To be Continued.)

The Natural Setting.

Gander—I have thought of a very appropriate setting for that egg-shaped pearl of yours, Miss Ada.

Miss Ada—Indeed; what is it?

Gander—A hen.—*Jeweler's Review.*

NEW GOODS

We have just received Ex ss. "Canada" and "Oregon" several cases of

Leather Lined, Enamelled Cowhide

BRIEF BAGS

in various sizes, and also

LEATHER

HAT BOXES

plush and silk lined, to hold either one, two or three hats.

H. E. Clarke & Co.

105 KING ST. WEST

TORONTO

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"

THOMSON'S Glove-fitting D CORSET

Trade Mark.

FITS LIKE A GLOVE

The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.

Approved by the whole polite world.

ANNUAL SALE OVER ONE MILLION MAKE

To be had of all Dealers throughout the world.

NINE FIRST MEDALS.

MANUFACTURERS:

W. S. THOMSON & CO., Limited, LONDON

Mistaken Identity.

O'Hallaran (from Cork)—Here's a sate for ye, leddy, Wa Shing—Thlankee velly much.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

John's Choice.

"Engaged, eh!" said John Jaggett. "Well, I'm sure I never looked at it in that light before!"

"We've all took it for granted," said Mrs. Jaggett, pursing up her thin lips and knitting away very fast.

"Does she think so, mother?"

"What else can she think, John?"

"I never asked her to marry me, mother."

"There's other ways of proposing to girls, John, besides askin' 'em to marry you in so many words," said the old lady.

John Jaggett gave his thick, brown mustache a resentful tug.

"I'm blessed if I know what they are, mother," said he.

"Everybody has took it for granted, John," replied the mother, severely. "And Melinda is a capital housekeeper—just the girl I'd like to see in charge of things here, now that I'm getting old and feeble."

John Jaggett put his hand caressingly on his mother's shoulder.

"Why, mother," said he, "don't talk that way. So far as I can see, you're as young and spry as you ever were."

Mrs. Jaggett shook her head, mournfully.

"No, I ain't John," said she. "When a woman gets to be sixty odd, she begins to fail in spite of everything—and rheumatism always ran in my side of the family. If I could only see you married and settled down, before the Lord sees fit to call me away."

John whistled.

"Time enough, mother," said he—"quite time enough."

"I don't know about that, John. You were thirty yesterday!" urged Mrs. Jaggett.

"How the dear old mother remembers things!" said he, laughing. "And Melinda Butts is three and thirty."

"A year or two don't make no great odds, John."

"Well, perhaps it don't," he assented.

"John, cried the woman, as her son took up his hat, "where are you going!"

"I'm going to New York for a day or two, to see about that new hay-cutter, mother, before the grass gets too high," answered he.

"To-day, John!"

"Yes, to-day. Why not!"

"Go over and see Melinda first, John. Get something settled," pleaded Mrs. Jaggett.

"Why, mother, what a hurry you're in to get me married off!" he cried lightly.

"She expects it, John."

"Can't you manage it for me, mother?" jestingly demanded the young man.

"John!"

"Well, really, I don't seem to be able to get up any enthusiasm," said he, shrugging his broad, handsome shoulders. "And I must get that haycutter ordered. We shall have a thundery summer, and the grass meadows must be looked after."

John Jaggett went on his way to the city, and straightway forgot all about Miss Melinda Butts, who lived at the red shingled farmhouse on the other side of the Skull Mountain.

She was plain and red headed, and never seemed to have much to say for herself; and John Jaggett had all a man's appreciation of beauty and softness in womanly presence. Why should he think about Melinda Butts?

He ordered the haycutter, looked in at a sale of stout farm horses, made inquiries as to a new cooking stove for his mother, and finally stopped at a little millinery store, kept by a former Skull Mountain neighbor.

"I want to get mother a lace cap or a worsted shoulder-cape, or something," thought he.

But the store was full of strange faces, and a new name gleamed, in newly-painted letters, on the sign above the door.

"Hullo!" said Jaggett. "What's the matter?"

"Mrs. Mixsell was buried last month," said the new incumbent, a stout widow with a row of artificial auburn curls which did not in the least match her black hair. "And poor Alice is crying her eyes out in the back room. Perhaps you know some of her friends! It don't stand to reason as I can keep her there with three daughters of my own. And you know——"

"Oh, Mr. Jaggett, is that you?" uttered a soft, appealing voice from the stuffy, half-lighted little apartment beyond. "Oh, poor mother has died and left me, and I don't know what to do!"

Alice Mixsell was a fair-haired, mountain-daisy-complexioned girl of seventeen. Her blue eyes, drenched in tears, looked piteously up to John Jaggett—her coral lip trembled. They were old acquaintances, and he had always admired her. Nay, once or twice, when he had been staying in the city, he had taken her to a theater or a picture gallery. As he looked at her sweet helpless loveliness, a great wave of protecting tenderness swept over his whole nature.

"Alice, my darling!" he said. "Sweet Alice, dry your tears. Henceforward you shall be my care. Get your bonnet and things! We'll go to the little parsonage around the corner and be married at once—and I'll take you back home with me!"

Alice drew back—her velvet-blue eyes flashed indignantly.

"No! you are saying this simply out of pity!" she said.

"I am saying it because I love you!" he cried earnestly—and the deep light in his dark eyes corroborated his words.

Man is a creature of impulse, and John Jaggett's feelings had taken such complete possession of him that it was not until Alice had become his wife that he thought of Melinda of the red hair and turkey egg complexion.

"But it will be all right," he argued to himself. "Mother can't help liking dear little Alice. She and Mrs. Mixsell used to be good friends in the old days before the Mixsell farm was sold; and Alice will be a perfect sunbeam in the house—God bless her."

It was the yellow twilight of a May evening when John brought his pretty, blushing young wife to the old homestead.

"We'll surprise the mother," he said cheerily. "We'll go round by the syringa tree lane, and creep in by the back door. And you shall be sitting in the keeping-room when she comes in. She is talking to some one there at the carriage block now."

"It's company, I think, John," said Alice, her heart fluttering like a bird in its cage. "It's a carryall, with a big trunk strapped on behind, and a tall, red-haired woman stepping out. Oh, John, who can it be?"

John Jaggett changed color as he recognized the shrill, nasal accents of Melinda Butts.

"No!" uttered that female. "I must allow I didn't reckon on gittin' married quite so sudden, Mrs. Jaggett; but after what you said to me, and the neighbors' gossip and all that, why, of course I——"

John drew a long breath as he realized this new complication. His mother had proposed to Melinda Butts for him, as he had jestingly suggested, and here she was, bag and baggage, an embodied acceptance of the offer.

"Am I a Mormon in spite of myself?" he thought. "How in the name of all the fates and furies am I to get out of this angle?"

"Sit still a minute, Allie. I'll go and tell them that you are here," he said to his pretty young wife.

"But if you've got company, John——"

"No company can be more honored than my wife, Allie," he said gently, as he passed into the shady little parlor, where a scent of dried rose leaves came from the quaint old China jar on the mantle.

There stood a lank, spectacled, elderly man.

"Why, it's Lawyer Judd!" said John, starting back. "How do you do, Mr. Judd? May I ask what has procured us the honor of this visit?"

Lawyer Judd smiled and wriggled, and interwove his respectably-gloved fingers in each other, after a most embarrassed fashion.

"How are you, Mr. Jaggett—how are you?" he said. "Well, to be candid with you, I came here with the young lady outside."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did," nodded the lawyer, who was one of those restless individuals who can never keep still a minute, but slipped and writhed and twisted himself about like a snake in black cassimere garments. "On—he, he, he! a little question of matrimony."

John flushed to the roots of his wavy brown hair.

"Was this to be a matter of breach of promise? Did they imagine for a second that he was to be coerced like this!

"Mr. Judd," said he, "there is some mistake here."

"I hope not, neighbor Jaggett," said the lawyer, more like the letter S than ever—"I hope not. Why should there be a mistake?"

"And," went on John, excitedly, "I don't propose to be bullied! I have never engaged myself to the young woman, nor have I given her any reason to believe——"

"No, no—no, to be sure not!" uttered the lawyer, swaying himself to and fro. "If I had supposed so, I should certainly never have married her."

"Married whom?" demanded John.

"Married Mrs. Elisa Judd, to be sure—the late Miss Melinda Butts. This morning, Mr. Jaggett; and we are on our way to the Albany boat now, and my—ahem! wife has stopped to bid your respected mother good-by as we came past. And really," glancing at a turnip-shaped, silver watch which he carried in a fob-pocket, "we have no time to spare. Melinda, my dear——"

He was amazed at the vehemence and cordiality with which John Jaggett wrung his hand.

"I congratulate you, my dear sir—I congratulate you with all my heart!" said he. "Where is Mrs. Judd? Let me have the pleasure of expressing my good wishes to her also!"

When "the late Miss Melinda Butts" came in, rugged, hard featured and coarse, he thought of the little human rosebud waiting out by the keeping room window, and rejoiced inwardly.

All these occurrences took much less time in the happening than has been consumed in their relation; and when, finally, the dust of departure rolled after Mr. Judd's respectable carriage wheels, Mrs. Jaggett turned tearfully to her son.

"There, John," said she, "I told you how it would be! Melinda Butts is married and gone, and I haven't got no daughter-in-law, after all."

"Yes, you have, mother," said John, his whole countenance growing radiant as he took her hand and led her into the room where Alice now sat, her innocent heart full of vague wonder and surmising. "I was married to Alice Mixsell the day before yesterday."

Alice lifted her blue, wistful eyes to Mrs. Jaggett's amazed face.

"Mother died last month," said she. "Will you be my mother now?"

Mrs. Jaggett clasped the girl to her heart.

"Yes, dear, I will," she faltered. "Any one that John loves I'm going to love, too. And we did need some woman about the house younger and smarter than I am. Kiss me, Alice! and now we'll have our tea. But, John, why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I didn't know it myself, mother," said John Jaggett. "But I do think I've made a better bargain than Lawyer Judd; don't you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jaggett, looking at Alice, "I—don't—know—but—you—have!"

Professional Sagacity.

Husband—Well, my dear doctor, what is the matter with my wife?

Doctor—Nothing very alarming as things now stand. So far as I am able to judge, the symptoms up to now indicate merely three weeks Wiesbaden, but were you to return her nerves by a refusal, the case might easily develop into a couple of months Nordenfeldt, or Heligoland.

[Read: Brigtor, Bath or Buxton.]—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Pin Money.

How much money does a young woman need for her comfortable and adequate support? is the problem Referee J. Alfred Davenport has found it necessary to solve in a case involving the expenses of a New York girl who is a "ward in chancery." The actual cost of supporting a girl depends upon the girl and her resources. She is endowed by nature with adaptability, and, given two hundred dollars or two thousand dollars a year, will manage, in some way best known to herself, to live and be reasonably happy. To be specific, Mr. Calvin Brice's beautiful yellow haired daughter could not keep herself in bon-bons, driving-gloves and stationery with two hundred dollars a year. Col. Fellows' daughter spends two hundred dollars for athletic shoes; pretty Miss Fanny Pryor has an allowance of sixty dollars a month, every penny of which she devotes to the purchase of new apparatus for her private gymnasium or special instruction in physical culture. Rumor has it that the sweet and gentle Miss Helen Gould has two thousand dollars for pocket-money alone, out of which sweets, scent, notions, reading matter, music, stamps, and alms are provided for. A noted beauty, who lives on Madison avenue, pays eleven hundred and twelve dollars every year for massage treatments, Turkish baths, shampoos and dermatrimming. These are not extravagant notions, but absolutely requisite for bodily health and personal comfort. Each of Sir George M. Pullman's pretty daughters has an allowance of five thousand dollars, and their accounts are always overdrawn. When Mrs. Snell-McCrea-Green was little Allie Snell of Chicago, she had the rent of a whitestone house in Ada street, opposite the Snell mansion, to pay her candy and millinery bills, and Miss Doane, daughter of J. W. Doane, the wholesale grocery prince of the Windy City, is allowed three thousand dollars for her clothes, and never has enough money in June to pay her traveling expenses to the family country-house in Connecticut. When Amelie Rives was paid for The Quick or the Dead? she "got something to wear," to use her own words, and the India silk night-gowns, the crepe de chine dresses, the cloth suits and opera wraps, and the model Worth toilet that she had longed for all through her girlhood, were purchased, together with the silk stockings, pretty boots, and a few pieces of inexpensive jewelry, amounting in all to about six thousand dollars. All the facts mentioned refer to sweet, simple, womanly girls under the guidance and judgment of sensible, forceful mothers.—*N. Y. World.*

A Lapsus Linguæ.

Bernardo, on taking leave of a friend, shook hands with him and was heard to say: "What is the matter with you? Your hand is cold and clammy like that of a serpent."

A New Application.

Nellie (aged four, who does not like to be kissed)—Mamma!

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Nellie—If anyone wants to kiss me, I'm out.

Something to Consider

To economize space and enhance the appearance of the Boudoir the MANTLE FOLDING BED is considered "just the thing."

Some of our most prominent citizens have adopted these to the total dethronment of the ordinary bedstead. They are made in styles to suit every kind of furniture, and can be placed in any room for extra accommodation.

Prices from $14 upwards. Examination invited. For sale only by

H. P. DAVIES & CO.

81 Yonge Street

3 doors above King

"The Seat of Trouble Here is at once Evident."

but unfortunately human troubles are not so easily located, and though it is a fact that most disease is caused by a weak stomach which needs aid, and if treated in time with

MALTOPEPSYN

(an artifical gastric juice—formula on every label), is easily put into good shape, the average person is persuaded by spread eagle advertisements to take some drastic mixture to move the bowels and sweeten the stomach, making the trouble worse instead of better. MALTOPEPSYN, taken regularly, gives to the stomach what it lacks, namely, gastric juice, and cures Dyspepsia and Indigestion in a rational and thorough manner. Send 2 cts. in stamps for valuable book to HAZEN MORSE,

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE, ONTARIO.

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not unravel and become frayed in wear.

Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per ounce—25c. per ball) in postage stamps to

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

A Story Without Words.

A Tender Heart.

He—I have three thousand a year. You can certainly live on that.
She—Yes; but I should hate to see you starve.—*Life.*

THE KICKERS HAVE COME

KENNEDY'S

Kicker School Shoes for Children lead the world.

Try Them

5 to 7	$1.00
8 to 10	1.25
11 to 2	1.50

Spring or ordinary heel. Orders by mail solicited.

Reliable

I have four flats, 26 x 100, well stocked with Bedroom Suits, Dining room Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

I make any style of Furniture to order at your own price. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Covering and Frames, and can supply anything.

Prices Low

FINE UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE

R. F. PIEPER

436 Yonge Street

Large Stock

Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible prices. It will be a pleasure to see them.

All my furniture is guaranteed by me. I have but *one price*—every, ticketed in plain figures. I pack for purchasers from the country free of charge.

Showing no Trouble

AN ASTONISHING OFFER ON WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

Large Quarto, 8 1-2 x 11 Inches
1,635 Pages

WITH DENNISON'S PATENT INDEX

It Should Be in Every Home Where There is a Student or Reader! Every School Boy Should Have Access to It!

Sold with Toronto Saturday Night for $5

FOR—Saturday Night, delivered at your home for one year - $2.50
—Webster's Dictionary - - 5.00
$7.50

FOR $5

NOTICE

THIS IS NOT THE EDITION which is being offered by other local papers, but one worth

TWICE AS MUCH MONEY

It is reprinted from an edition 12 years later. It is bound STRONGLY and HANDSOMELY—not thrown together. It is printed on PAPER—not pulp board. It will WEAR—not fall to pieces.

It is CHEAPER, LATER and BETTER. It has the patent Index, for which one dollar extra is charged by the regular publishers.

Come into our office and examine this and the other editions. We will sell them with SATURDAY NIGHT fifty cents cheaper than our own editions. When you see them you won't have them; you will take ours.

HOW COMES THIS EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION IN PRICE?

The copyright on the Edition of Webster's Dictionary that we offer for a year only expired, gives the right to reproduce it. We gladly embrace the opportunity of doing so, at a price that will bring it within the reach of thousands who could not afford to pay for this Great Work $12. The monopoly on this Standard Work is now fortunately removed, which enables us to offer it to you at an astonishingly low price. The question naturally arises, how can we do so and give you with such Fine Paper, Good Print and Elegant Bindings for this money? Our answer is that by means of the Gelatine Process the work was reproduced, entire without a line of type being set. By this means not only is the cost of type-setting saved, but that of editors, writers and proofreaders. The above saving, combined with the extraordinary cheapening of paper and wonderful economy in labor by improved machinery enabling the printing of ten copies in the same time and at the same cost that it used to take to print one, enables it to be offered to the public at this remarkably low price.

No other Reprint Edition of Webster's Dictionary is so complete as this one is; not only does this Edition contain all the words that the great Noah Webster ever defined, but 10,000 additional new words have been added to it. The Appendix of this Edition contains much valuable matter that is not in the other cheap editions, such as follows: The Pronunciation of the principal European languages, Quotations, Phrases, etc., from Latin, French, Italian and Spanish; Mottoes of the different States in the Union, Abbreviations, etc.

It also contains a table of 15,000 Synonyms, 11 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Proper Names, 67 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, and 1,500 Pictorial Illustrations.

In addition to the above there is added to it a storehouse of individual facts and dates of important events covering more than 4,100 years of the World's History, beginning 2234 B.C.; these historical facts and dates are of much value and cannot be found in any other Dictionary in the English language, which makes this Edition a still greater Educator than the original. This great Educator and Standard Work that we now offer and offer to you at this wonderfully low price ought to be in every home in this country. It is Strongly and Handsomely Bound in Full Library Leather, Half Russia, Full Calf, containing 1,635 pages, an Appendix and 1,500 Pictorial Illustrations.

☞ Observe that our Edition, unlike every other cheap edition in the market, is Strongly and Handsomely Bound, is printed on an excellent quality of book paper, and the press work is first-class; our aim being to present a volume that shall be in every respect in keeping with the high character of the work and the superior standing of SATURDAY NIGHT. Come and see our book. It will surprise you.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
9 Adelaide Street West.

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

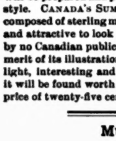
VOL. III] TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1890. [No. 28

Our Summer Number.

In accordance with the promise given to our patrons last year SATURDAY NIGHT will issue in a few weeks its special holiday publication, CANADA'S SUMMER. This number has been prepared on somewhat similar lines to our CHRISTMAS SATURDAY NIGHT, which was so deservedly popular. It has been improved wherever experience has enabled us to make an improvement. Its contents have been carefully selected to suit the holiday season. As this number has been a long time under consideration, due care and time have been given to every department, with the most favorable results. Experienced and skilled men have been employed in every portion of the work and they have produced a holiday paper second to none ever turned off a Canadian press.

The cover design, an artistic and delicate combination of blue and gold, gives a familiar and delightful view of our own Toronto bay, with its many pleasure steamers, yachts and skiffs. In the background lies the city with its familiar buildings and its spires and towers pointing to the sky. "There's no place like home," and if Toronto people wish to send to friends abroad a reminder of their loved Canadian Queen City they cannot find anything more tasteful or pleasing than CANADA'S SUMMER. The stories, poems and sketches have all been specially written for this number by some of the brightest and cleverest writers our country possesses, and, as has been said before, it has all been carefully revised with a view to securing the highest possible excellence. The pictorial part of the paper will be up to the highest mark. It will embrace a series of beautiful wash-drawings of Canadian summer scenes, as well as a number of important and interesting figure subjects, engraved by the exquisite half-tone photo process, which has now, to a large extent, superseded wood engraving. These pictures are from the easels of such well-known artists as Messrs. G. A. Reid, William Cruikshank, C. M. Manley and others. Typographically our holiday number will be prepared and printed in the handsomest style. CANADA'S SUMMER will be found to be composed of sterling material. It will be bright and attractive to look at. It will be surpassed by no Canadian publication in the beauty and merit of its illustrations. It will be brimful of light, interesting and attractive reading, and it will be found worth more than its moderate price of twenty-five cents.

Music.



A SHORT season of minstrelsy by the Toronto Minstrel Club last week was not as well attended as the excellence of the performance deserved. The usual first part of songs, etc., was rather long, but was well rendered by both soloists and chorus. A feature of the stage setting was the presence of a charming page, Master Garnet Genereux, a little boy of rare beauty, who sat at the interlocutor's feet and placed the titles of the numbers to be sung on a handsome stand. Applause attended the efforts of all the soloists, Messrs. G. Taylor, A. E. Dent, J. B. Mundie, J. F. Thomson, J. A. Macdonald and H. S. Mould, encores being frequent and hearty. The end men were appropriately funny and the humor of the performance was excellent, though some of the jokes had the geniality of old acquaintance. Messrs. J. Lawler Woods and W. E. Ramsay excelled in both song and dialogue, both making excellent darkies. The chorus sang excellently, and numbered some thirty odd voices. In precision and shading they were very praiseworthy, some unaccompanied choruses being rendered with special care. The medley which closed this part wound up with national music, in which Mr. Kerrison's 'God Preserve Our Native Land, occupied an effective part. One of the most attractive features of the performance was the coffee-pot solo of Mr. George R. Joseph of Montreal, who played on this unique instrument in a manner and with an artistic effect that surprised all his hearers. A stump speech by Messrs. Macdonald and Ramsay was very well conceived and excellently carried out. Mr. Smedley's mandolin and guitar quartettes were also successful in their efforts to please, and were awarded recalls at each appearance. Altogether the performance was a thorough success.

MASTER GARNET GENEREUX.

•

The public hall of the Normal School was crowded on Wednesday evening of last week on the occasion of the public recital of Miss Hillary's Choral Club. It must have been gratifying to her to have seen so much interest evinced in her new enterprise. The young ladies sang excellently, with due attention to shading and phrasing. The tone was pretty and clear and rich in quality. Precision and crispness, as well as truthful intonation, made the concert a delightful one, while the brightness and spirited movement of the pieces gave a character of force and energy to the performance that was a surprise to many. Incidental solos were well sung by Mrs. Philip Todd and Miss Pringle. Mrs. Caldwell proved a welcome addition to the programme, and sang her songs in the best manner, which it is almost needless to say, called forth warm plaudits.

•

The first annual examination of the Canadian College of Organists will be held on June 18, 19 and 20, in the Metropolitan Church under the surpervision of Mr. S. P. Warren of New York, chief examiner. On the evening of the 19th an organ recital will be given by Mr. Warren in the church, at which a chorus of several hundred voices will take part. I understand that the choirs of the Metropolitan Jarvis street Baptist, Emmanuel Baptist and Ascension Churches will be massed for this purpose.

•

If you want to hear good orchestral music and have a pleasant trip, go over to Buffalo on Monday and hear the great Strauss orchestra.

•

Mr. V. Perrie Hunt has been appointed organist and choirmaster in the Zion Congregational Church, College street. His duties commenced on Sunday, June 1.

•

Mr. T. Singleton of Port Hope has again been very successful with his harmony pupils at the Trinity College Examination in Music. Out of eight pupils whom he prepared he passed three firsts, three seconds and two thirds, a most creditable showing.

•

[Further musical notices will be found on page 2] METRONOME.

The Drama.

The only thing going on in the dramatic line this week has been James Reilly in The Broommaker of Carlsbad at Jacobs & Sparrow's. This play has been revisited by many who saw it at the Academy of Music a month or two ago. As far as the play is concerned there can be said very little as to its dramatic excellence, but the combinations of play and James Reilly's singing and the frolicking of the children make altogether a very picturesque and wholesome entertainment. Reilly is really a clever young man who will probably make his way in the romantic melodramatic line and may perhaps rise higher. He is supported by a fairly good company. The two children with him delight all who have visited the Broommaker.

Mrs. Kendal told the *Dramatic Mirror* before she sailed that one reason why she had succeeded in pleasing the American public was that she came before them without false pretenses.

"I didn't pretend to be younger than I am," she said, "and I didn't expect them to accept my acting on the strength of my reputation in London. My confidence in the American aversion to humbug was not misplaced—and they liked me." Mrs. Kendal said she thought that the prejudice against a certain class of English actors that visit America was due to the fact that they endeavored to impose upon the press and public by pretending to occupy a better position at home than belonged to them. They were speedily found out and distrust of British players became general. "This is the great country for actors," said Mrs. Kendal enthusiastically. "They can win more fame and earn more money in America, providing they possess ability, than anywhere under the sun. Your theatrical system is so vast and so constantly expanding that the supply of talent cannot keep pace with it."

A writer in the New York *Sun* dealing with the subject of first performances, says:

"To the average theatergoer there is a peculiar fascination and piquant charm in a first night's performance—the eagerness of anticipation finding fruition in the delight of novelty, the enthusiasm, applause, flowers, and general exhilaration in the atmosphere.

"To the average actor a first night is a jubilee of exquisite agony, only equalled by the torture described in Paradise Lost. In the old days of the stock companies, when the programme was changed every evening, and one first night followed another with such rapid sequence as to be considered of little importance, there was less of the nervous apprehension, high tension, general mental disturbance, and physical demoralization apparent, than now, when after weeks of wearisome rehearsing, an unlimited outlay of money, and most painstaking preparation, a first night's success inaugurates months of prosperous business for the piece, and failure is ominous and disheartening. Still, there is a tradition familiar to the profession that Macready trembled so from stage fright on opening nights in London that the people in the front row could hear his armor rattle.

"No matter how carefully a piece has been prepared, how many dress rehearsals have been held, how confident every one is of success, the only cool person behind the scenes on an opening night is the stage manager. Up stairs the shaking chorus girls hustle into new and unfamiliar costumes. To be sure there isn't much of them but stockings, but when you need to jump out of one dress and into another in a fraction of a minute it is nice to know where the hooks are and just how the sash ties. Down stairs the prima donna silently makes up her face with agony in her heart, and the leading tenor shivers as he curls his mustache. The stage carpenters talk together in the flies and study the unfamiliar scenes, and the property man arranges everything to his hand and then forgets where he puts it. Occasionally somebody blunders, and the curtain comes down in the midst of a finale instead of at its close. Occasionally a bevy of chorus girls come trooping on the stage at the wrong time, as they did in the Grand Duchesse, jumping an entire scene. One of them gets puzzled with the excitement and general ebullition and insists upon rushing on, and then the whole flock follow, for they are trained in chorus and follow their leader like sheep over a wall. Or again they flutter off at an unexpected time, leaving the musical director beating time to nothing.

"Another feature which seems to complicate matters is the utter oblivion the principal ladies have of everything but the new clothes they are to appear in and the length of time they require and take, no matter how great the hurry, to adjust all their little arrangements. Once in a while a costume fits so badly that it is impossible to appear in it. The writer saw a chorus girl behind the scenes at the Casino one night, with a bodice which would not meet by two inches, appealing pathetically to the stage manager for permission to cut the act for very obvious reasons; and at the German opera last winter, Fraulein Huhn fainted on the stage from the pain caused by the tightness of her bodice about the armholes. At rare intervals, too, the musicians become confused by repeated encores and the interpolation of new songs, and when the conductor calls for number six, some misguided but energetic trombone peals forth number seven to the destruction of harmony.

"Of course there is a manifest difference in the amount of nervousness felt by actors under the first-night strain, but, as a rule, comedians suffer most intensely. Mr. Hopper describes the sensation as 'sort of a mental chaos coupled with a wish-you-were-dead feeling, and a disturbing uncertainty as to whether you are dead or not. Sometimes you don't really find out until you read your obituary in the morning paper, and then you do know beyond a doubt.'

"Hopper is said to be one of the coolest of first-night men, and yet on opening night of Castles in the Air he shivered from foundations to turrets for a time through that good-natured actor's fright, and from sheer nervousness he was dressed and on the stage at 7:30, when his cue was not given until near 9.

"Francis Wilson is one of the most disturbed first-night men in the profession. He says himself that 'the moment before an actor speaks his first line is a horrible one—the suffering is torture and indescribable. After I begin to feel the sympathy and appreciation of my audience, the intensity of distress is diminished to a certain extent, but the happiest moment of a first-night is at the close. One first night when I played in Boston, I really thought I was ill and consulted a physician, and reflected as I went tremblingly out to the front that I would probably not appear again in sometime, as I was surely booked for a long illness. At the end of the second act, I suddenly woke up to the fact that I never felt better in my life, and that my fancied illness was only a bad case of stage fright.'

"Marie Jansen is another anxious sufferer on first nights, because strange to say, she has a little trick of learning her lines by rehearsal rather than study, and is not quite sure of them when the piece goes on. She said once in her chatty way, speaking of her work: 'The worst thing about the stage business is the indescribable something called stage fright. The minute before I go on in a new piece is awful, but after I make my plunge and flounder round a little I'm all over it.'

"Lillian Russell has a little trick of losing her appetite entirely the day before a new play goes on, and eats nothing at all from her breakfast until after the performance. In spite of her fast she experiences no faintness and comparatively little of the customary nervousness and general razzle-dazzle. She has a comfortable sedan chair in which she reclines during waits, while her maid, who has been rehearsed in the screaming until she is as familiar with it as the prima donna is with her lines, makes the preparations for the speedy changes to follow. And the light and spicy matter with which she entertains herself is the study of theosophy. One would as readily imagine a nightingale poring over a volapuk dictionary as the fair Lillian puzzling her pretty head over a subject of such solidity. Sometimes she comes down from the boudoir and finite photographs on glass for diversion, while the music echoes through the room, and her admirers wait eagerly in front for her reappearance. A few years ago, when this tranquil lady was a slim little maiden and sang her first ballad at Tony Pastor's, she lost all consciousness from fright as she waited for her cue, and only recovered herself when she had sung two or three stanzas of her song.

"Fanny Rice amuses herself during waits by studying French, and stands about in the entrances with a grammar under her arm like a veritable Boston Back Bay beauty without eyeglasses. But the merry Fanny doesn't study any on first nights. She is too anxious to think of accents and conjugations or to eat any supper, even though a dreadful faintness sometimes adds itself to the other discomforts. 'I haven't any appetite, you know, until morning, and then sometimes the criticisms of the papers take it away again.'

"Fred Soloman is a very steady-going first-nighter, rarely confused or nervous until everything is over, when he promptly collapses. Fred Leslie is another so thoroughly in possession of all his faculties that if he forgets his lines he interpolates something from any or all the operas he knows until he tides over the break, as in the stock company days, when, if you went to hear Hamlet, you listened to a great deal of Richard III., The Beggar of Paris, and Seven Degrees of Crime.

"Mr. Barton of the Casino adds the interesting bit of information that a company carefully rehearsed, after having played a piece a hundred nights in New York, will, when playing the piece on the first night in another city, forget half their lines from nervousness. Sometimes the applause is confusing, as was the case of Bishop, now dead, who received such an enthusiastic welcome in New Orleans that he couldn't think of a line of the piece in which he had appeared many times. Walden Ramsey was so deathly sick at the stomach on first nights that he frequently had to retire from the stage in the middle of an act. Another peculiar effect of stage fright was exhibited by an understudy, who had seen the part played hundreds of times, and was continually talking of her proficiency it it, but when at last her opportunity came, and the curtain rose, she opened her mouth but could not make the faintest sound. The nervousness of comedians is attributed by managers to the interpolation of gags and the anxiety concerning their effect on the audience. There is always a question in their minds as they spring a delightful old chestnut on their listeners. Will they die, or will they laugh? and the doubt is naturally confusing to the unities."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Boucicault's new play for Sol Smith Russell has been named A Crank.

Rob Mantell intends to spend his holidays with Gus Pitou at his place on Lake Simcoe.

Scott's Ivanhoe is supposed to be the subject of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, which is to be produced at D'Oyley Carte's new London theater early next fall. Julian Sturgis is writing the libretto.

Fred Leslie, the eminent English burlesque actor, is reported to be quite ill at Monte Carlo with sciatica, which supervened from the blood-poisoning that disabled him two years ago and was due to wearing colored tights.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace, held at Stratford-on-Avon, England, last month, it was reported that no less than 20,000 persons, representing thirty-nine nationalities, had paid for admission to the poet's house during the past twelve months. A motion to open the house each Sunday was tabled after a spirited discussion.

Miss Attalie Claire, a Toronto young lady, who, it will be remembered, sang here with Albani, has made a hit as Marguerite in New York. The New York *World* says of her: "Miss Claire has at least three natural advantages ready to hand to recommend her as a representative of the Goethe-Gounod heroine—youth, good looks and a beautiful voice. Hitherto she has appeared in roles less exacting than Marguerite, and it is a pleasure to record her success in this her first appearance in a great role. In appearance she is lovely to look upon, and she will approach more nearly an ideal Marguerite when she becomes altogether natural."

Art and Artists.

In my review of the O. S. A. exhibition last week I credited Mr. Gilbert R. Frith with a statuette, the Messenger of Love, which is Mr. MacCarthy's production. Mr. Frith exhibits a pretty little ideal subject entitled Fair Canada.

The last meeting for the season of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. Mr. R. Holmes was elected treasurer in place of Mr. W. Bengough, resigned. A committee was appointed to arrange for a series of sketching rambles for the members on Saturday afternoons during the summer.

I am sure every Canadian will be glad to congratulate Paul Peel on his success in winning the gold medal for his picture in the *Salon*, even if it does not make him the "most famous painter in Europe," as was stated in one of the despatches. Mr. Peel has always given great promise, and this result of his assiduous devotion to art is likely to be but a prelude to greater things to come. It is, however, rather poor consolation for us at home to reflect that all our bright young artists have to go to foreign countries to win success and almost—let us whisper—to make a living. But such is the prevailing state of affairs at present, and it is likely to continue for a time. A similar state of affairs prevails in the United States, so that we are not alone in this. Only this week one of the most eminent of American artists, Mr. W. W. Story, writes a vigorous protest from Rome against the action of the U. S. government in imposing heavy duties on works of art, when the native industry, if it may be called such, is so much in need of the inspiration given by the masterpieces of the Old World. Our Canadian contingent across the water comprises besides Mr. Peel, Mr. Homer Watson, Mr. J. K. Lawson and a number of others not so well known. Mr. Peel has nothing on exhibition here this year. VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

The librarian has spread his tent in the Biological Department. Two rooms are occupied, one on the main floor and one in the basement. Mr. Brebner makes spasmodic efforts to bring order out of confusion while books come in faster than his practised hands move. About two thousand dollars worth of literature came in one morning this week. Distinguished friends in England of noble blood are busying themselves in our behalf, but of course somewhat slowly as is the fashion over there. On the whole the drift of events promises a better library than the one destroyed, bar a few rare volumes which cannot be replaced.

•

Commencement takes place on Tuesday, June 10. In the evening at Harry Webb's the graduating class will hold their annual meeting and dinner at 8 o'clock and a dollar and a half. It will doubtless be an interesting gathering, the conclusion of a happy four years.

•

Prof. and Mrs. Hutton entertain the fourth year classical men at a garden party at their residence, Queen's Park, on Monday afternoon next.

•

Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., is off to Germany for the summer, doubtless to delve after the golden ore of lore and use his influence at the universities on behalf of the library. NEMO.

•

No Flies on the Children of Israel. Pretty Teacher (intent on the lesson)—And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel.

Small Boy—Please, ma'am, there ain't any now, either.—*Bostonian.*

Sweet Rest.

For Saturday Night.

In days of yore,
Went gaily o'er
The ancient sward so green
A plumed knight,
In steel bedight—
No braver e'er was seen.

Past castle walls,
Where drawbridge falls
Ere friend or foe pass through,
O'er prospect bright
Rode forth the knight,
Through forest wet with dew.

He sat his steed
With little heed
Of war, or war's alarms,
For Love had now
Received his vow—
In rest he bore his arms.

He sang this song,
As swift along
His courser lightly flew:
"My love so fair,
With golden hair,
And eyes of heav'n's blue.

"My fond heart yearns,
My spirit burns
To pledge with thee anew,
Soon to thy feet
Love's off'ring sweet
Shall I bring, dear, to you."

Ah, fearful check!
With awesome beck
A form, with age oppressed,
Rose from the vale,
With visage pale,
In shroud-like vestments dressed.

With visor down,
And deep'ning frown,
Yet not unmixed with fear,
The warrior said:
"Thou almost dead,
Why draw you now so near?

"Say what art thou,
Whose aged brow
The frosts of Time adorn,
Why com'st thou here
In grave-like gear,
With feeble step forlorn?"

"Oh mortal, brave!
The quiet grave,
With its deep sleep so blest,
For that I sigh,
Or doleful cry,
That I therein may rest.

"Though Time to man,
Be but a span,
To me it is not so;
For I remain
On Earth's wide plain
While ages come and go.

"Thy fellow men
With feeble pen,
Refuse to let me lie;
Upon my rest,
With steadfast zest,
They break and gruesome cry.

"Their summons drear
I ever hear
From Eastertide to Yule;
For know, thou bloke,
I am that joke
They crack about the mule." W.

Dawn.

For Saturday Night.

When the first radiant streaks of dawn
Begin to gild the eastern sky,
As by an angel's finger drawn,
Great golden gleams that dim the eye.

When shades of rose and glints of green,
And pearly stants of silver light,
Athwart the bluest sky e'er seen
Fling a fair mantle chining bright.

When gold and rose commingle there,
In one most beauteous canopy,
A nameless presence thrills the air
With strains of solemn symphony.

And Mother Nature rises up,
Rubs from her eyes the night's soft sleep,
And in each fairy flow'ret's cup,
The dancing dewdrops dimple deep.

In rustling trees the wak'ning bird
Calls to his mate, that it is day,
And leaves and grass are softly stirred
By zephyrs passing on their way.

And from beneath, and from a'wove,
Comes to one's heart a hea'nly peace,
And all things whisper—Life is Love,
And Love and Life can never cease.

E. M. SCHOLEFIELD.

The Fatal "No."

Black-eyed Alice was so stately,
Of such queenly presence she,
That each night when she sedately
Gave her finger-tips to me,
Chilled by such a haughty bearing
I essayed no greater daring.

E'en my looks I long dissembled
Fearing that too bold they were,
And my voice that somehow trembled
As I parted late from her—
As I said, "Good-night," and after,
Cursed her good-night's careless laughter.

But alas for stately Alice
And the seeming haughty bearing,
For the black eyes' tender malice
Stung me once to sudden daring.
Dear black-eyes! that then belied her,
As I trembled there beside her.

Suddenly her bearing altered
And a coyness swept possessed her,
While the little "No" she faltered
Conscious of my wish confessed her.
Ah, that "No!" Could I resist her?
When she faltered "No," I kissed her.

Song of the Consummately Soulful.

I shall wed a fair æsthetic,
Quite regardless of expense;
All I ask that she b utter,
And in all thing quite intense.
Limp, of course, and lank she must be,
Clad in minor tones of green,
Consummately soulful, earnest,
Must she be, my precious queen.

We shall feast on lilies daily,
Quaffing draughts of beauty fair,
With a dish of ferns on Sunday,
Or a peacock's feather rare.
Thus shall our lives forever,
Like two gently gurgling rills,
Breathing posy and too-too,
And her dad shall foot the bills.

Noted People.

Jean Ingelow, the English poet, is writing her memoirs.

"My life and my work belong to Africa, and there I shall die," wrote Emin Pacha in a letter to a friend not long ago.

M. Hector Hanoteau, the French landscape painter, is dead. His most famous picture is, perhaps, The Water Lilies.

M. Catacazy, whose long service as Russian Minister at Washington suddenly came to an unfortunate end, and who afterward became one of the editors of the Paris *Figaro*, is dead.

Lady Diana Belcher, widow of the famous Arctic explorer, and authoress of an interesting account of The Mutineers of the Bounty, on which her step-father had been a midshipman, is dead.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of The Light of Asia, who is now living in Japan, is writing a new epic poem, to be called The Light of the World, the subject of which is the life and teaching of Christ.

Miss E. M. Merrick, the English artist who went to Cairo to paint the portrait of the khedive, is to paint a portrait of Henry M. Stanley, which is to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society.

Captain Peschkoff, the Cossack officer who is riding one horse across Asia to St. Petersburg, met the "grippe" traveling on the steppes, and was therefore able to keep up with current fashions on the lonely wastes. He was delayed a fortnight.

Miss May Rogers of Dubuque, Iowa, is the author of a Waverley Dictionary, in which thirteen hundred or more characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels are all described, with illustrative extracts from the text. The book is said to be a complete key to Scott's works.

A rather over-cultured and over-strained literary and critical review makes the statement that "Hannah Moore was never a child in her life." In this fact may possibly be found a clew to the origin of that familiar classical saying: "And what's the matter with Hannah."

Count Charles Dillon, who died in Paris last week from the effects of an accident, was one of the few survivors of the Court of Charles X., to whom he was Page of Honor during the last four years of his reign. He had lived much in England, and spoke the language remarkably well.

The British Society for the Protection of Life from Fire has lately awarded three prizes for bravery and humanity at the burning of the Forest Gate Asylum—to Miss Maria Julia Bloomfield, who receives an illuminated testimonial and £3, and to Miss Eliza Roe and Miss Laura Terry, a niece of Ellen Terry, certificates and prizes of a sovereign each.

The Princess of Wales has had a little house built in a cosy nook of the grounds at Sandringham. She is very devoted to this spot, and when the house is full of guests her Royal Highness frequently goes there for afternoon tea with a chosen few to whom she personally dispenses the cheering cup. This summer house is known as the Princess' Folly.

The tiny King of Spain was four years old on Saturday. Queen Christina held a Drawing Room on the occasion, at which two hundred and fifty ladies were present. Young Alfonso's health is now better, and his mother intends to take him and his sisters to San Sebastian, to spend the summer at Ayete Castle. The king was dressed in a sailor costume on the above occasion.

Miss Dorothy Tennant of London, who is to marry Henry M. Stanley in July, is the original of the graceful picture by Millais called Yes or No, which engravings and photographs have made so familiar. She is a beautiful woman of thirty, well known in English society as a clever artist, a scholar, a linguist, a good talker and an authority on clothes, both by precept and example.

Mrs. Cleveland's mail is little lessened by her return to private life. It contains letters of all kinds, from the praises of admiring school-girls to the pleas of the begging letter-writer, whose name is legion. Like the well-bred woman she is, Mrs. Cleveland answers promptly all communications which have a just claim to her attention, but scores of letters from unknown correspondents go every week into the waste basket.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett returned to America suddenly because of the illness of her son Lionel. He is now getting better, and she will soon take him abroad with her. She says: "My children and I have always been such friends and companions. It has been my entire aim to let my boys be boys. They have associated with whom they pleased. Their companions might be rich or poor or shabby, if they were only frank, honest and straightforward."

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has no patience with "airs." Once when the Princess was the guest of a nobleman in the north, one of his young daughters refused to clean her own slate at her governess' command, and rang the bell for a servant to do so. The princess, who often came into the schoolroom for a chat in German, opportunely appeared on the scene in the midst of this vexed question, and was appealed to by the governess. She said: "I can only say that I was always made to clean my own slate, and I am the Queen's daughter." The refractory pupil was speedily subdued.

An amusing incident occurred the other day with regard to one of the members of the Royal family. The Princess Mary of Cambridge was to have distributed prizes to a number of children in connection with some philanthropic institution. While the children were waiting for the arrival of the royal party, hymns were sung. Unfortunately, the Princess Mary was not punctual as she usually is, and so the programme was continued. Presently her Royal Highness arrived, and unluckily, just at the moment of her making her late appearance, the next item on the programme was a song, which the children sung, entitled: Wake up, Mary!

It is not every playwright who starts under such favorable conditions as the Sultan, who is said to have taken to writing comedietta. He has it all his own way. Some incident in the Court or the Seraglio gives him an idea. Instantly the drama is sketched out, the actors summoned, the *roles* distributed, and on the same evening the performance takes place. They say that the Sultan's comedies are strong in character sketches, in which the various failings and peculiarities of his *entourage* are held up to ridicule. As the whole Court is compelled to take tickets for the performances, he is always sure of an attentive, if not an appreciative, audience.

Ernest Renan, the religious historian and critic, has charming quarters at the College de France, of which he is rector. His rooms are lit throughout with electric light, conveyed from the college laboratory, and they are furnished with both taste and luxury. Renan is getting to be as stout as the typical mediæval abbot, and for the same reason—love of good cheer. Mme. Renan, a daughter, by the way, of Ary Scheffer, the painter, is a remarkably good cook, and her pride is to tickle Renan's palate every day with some cunningly devised dish. Renan has a heavy sensual face, with not a little of the Jew in it, although he has not a trace of Judaism in his blood. Eight centuries of Breton life lie behind him, and he can to-day make out an honest, irreproachable pedigree which few aristocrats could equal. The great man is as dogmatic as ever Macaulay was. He cannot bear to be interrupted when talking, and it goes hard with him to patiently endure a contradiction. When he receives guests at his weekly gatherings he holds forth to them by the half hour. He is fond of standing before the grate, and from that position he lays down the law upon anything and everything. For ability to speak learnedly and eloquently upon any subject he may be compared with Mr. Gladstone.

Quotations Fitted In.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—*Montaigne.*

An aptly-presented idea gives pleasure to most people. We like to get the concentrated thoughts of the wise who lived and are living. We enjoy reading their opinions, and often we fit their sayings into our lives, and prove the words true by our own well-conned lesson of experience.

To me the sayings of favorite authors have been an inspiration and a comfort. Sometimes the words burn in their caustic reproof. Often they soothe, and occasionally they lift one out of the self-made groove of me and my affairs, and enlarge the horizon of the mind. Then, too, there are the words of cheer urging us on. We need them, and if we take them from books, we may fit them in our own lives when we require their sympathy.

When the world and his wife have entered their house, and shut the door; when purses yawn blankly and everybody seems to have just discovered that it is a great mistake to live in a world like this, I loosen one of these tied-up coursers—my pet quotations trot it around, look for its points, and—feel better. Take for instance this: "Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning it, but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is not sure of winning it." These words have fitted in many a time.

Some days we feel unsettled. We cannot understand why things are divided so unequally. We wonder if Mrs. Moneybags ever has anything to bother her, and Emerson's sage reflection: "Ah, if the rich were as rich as the poor fancy riches," makes us see that life is always somewhat wrinkled.

Following closely comes a whisper as to the abiding-place of real happiness: "The secret of happiness is the appreciation of the beautiful in nature—the appreciation of God's unwritten poetry."

When harsh words sting and when people resolutely believe everything but the truth, we cry out with pity for their misguided ignorance, commiseration for ourselves and a little impatience: "The public is just a great baby."

When we have petted an idea until it is a hobby, we must not expect the world at large to agree with us as to its merits, and, to keep tempers unruffled we may say softly: "Tis with our wisdom as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Perhaps we might learn a lesson in forbearance from the words of Lowell: "Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts."

Suffering comes to all. If it might be that we could determine to accept it submissively and bear it bravely, the bitterness would be removed. If we feel it only right and just then we can say: "Into all lives, some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

If that comes from the heart we are sure of this: "Tis held that sorrow makes us wise."

When circumstances work together to defeat us, and we feel inclined to believe in luck after all, Scott's cheering words set things right: "There will be rubs in the smoothest road, especially if it leads up hill."

If some one has wronged us, and we, forgetting to be forgiving, are planning revenge, we may find a helpful lesson in the words: "Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself."

We are creatures of impulse. We mean to be good. We want to be kind, but daily life is often not as creditable a showing as we would wish to exhibit. We are impatient, quick-tongued, heedless. Some day a bitter word come back to stay with us in memory for ever. Margaret Sangster puts it tenderly:

"So many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken, for cruel words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

It is, of course, natural that knowing more of the life of any individual, we should attribute to them this virtue of mind, that defect. We often admire those whom distance has removed from us. Would it not be well to bear in mind, that "People who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eye."

Of our friends—those who are dear to us—others are oftentimes ready and willing to repeat disparaging, though true, statements. Advice is seldom thankfully received, but upon such an occasion one could almost afford to proffer it, though it were sure of an ungrateful attention. The would-be meddler should learn that "Though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad news."

Perhaps we grow too practical, too careless, dropping from voices the tender notes of sympathy. We admire the beautiful and forget to pity the malformed or the hideous. The words of the French priest, who looked down at the repulsive spider, were kindly ones: "Poor brute, it is not thy fault."

When we pause before some undertaking, fearful in many repects, dallying with opportunity, the curt information: "Advantage feeds him fat while men daley," can scarcely fail to help us to a decision.

To most of us, some time, comes the day when Moore's assertion: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," is seconded by an echo from the inmost heart. That day earth is fairer, people are better, heaven is nearer than heretofore, and the broadest, kindliest rays of the sun of happiness invest even the gray places of life with their golden glamour.

Following that day there will surely come days when impatience claims us. It is so easy, so very easy, to attribute wrong motives to innocently-performed actions. There are days when some thoughtlessness wounds us—some neglect pains us, and we shall find comfort in the gently-reproving words:

"How can we gauge the whole,
Who only know the part!
How can we read the life,
When we cannot spoil the heart!"

Hood tells us in his terse style that

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

The two should surely dispel complaining selfishness, and help us to pour out full measures of charity to those around us.

One other day comes to me—the day when some success smiles even faintly upon earnest effort. That day pride lurks about, and the good old Quaker poet wrote years ago:

"In songs of triumph the tempter calls,
And he who thinketh he standeth falls."

They are most of them well-written words, graced by a happy expression, or rendered melodious by careful measure and they mean that some heart has been lonely, suffering, repentant, brave or gay.

The thought which we prize is the one that comes into our lives, finds a place for itself in our experience and makes us feel its perfect truth.

The words of those who have lived, should surely serve to some purpose those who are living. Their grand thoughts, their tireless energy, their forbearance, generosity, courage and despair tighten the bond of sympathy. We are human as they were. They lived and wrote. We learn.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Miss Dorothy Tennant.

From a portrait by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. *From Pall Mall Budget.*

The Poetry of Trout Fishing.

It is a beautiful sight and a most seductive example of the great principle of true art to watch an accomplished fisherman drop his flies lightly upon the surface of a trout stream and float them gently and tenderly over or past the "hole" that is supposed to be the boudoir of some proud queen of the water or the royal retreat of her kingly mate. The skill with which the angler avails himself of all possibilities of bank or bush to conceal his form or shadow from the shy and suspicious fish, his rapturous attention and silence, and the way he woos the passing breeze to waft his feathery hook with loving care to the very spot desired, or defies it to prevent him, dropping it as falls the snowflake on the river; the ethereal lightness of the "feather-tipped barb," the graceful curve of the pliant rod, the whistle of the silken line as it swishes through the air, the great beauty and fierce opposition of the fish that is hooked, the crystal stream in which it delights—all these combine to make of trouting the very poetry of fishing.

But the fulness of it can never be enjoyed without the days of June. Then the year has burst into full and lusty life. The weather is soft and gracious. Earth and air and sky are attuned to universal gladness. The streams sing with joy. The meadows are draughts of sweetness. The trees nod hearty greetings and beckon you to enjoyment. June! June is the time to think tenderly and longingly of the well-loved brook among the hills, and of the pools where gliding rapids grow calm, and where the alders cluster and the elms throw their dancing shadows.

Who has not in his memory a recollection of a June hour on a trout stream such as this?

It is your favorite stream, and you are camping on it for a day or so. You reach it late in the afternoon, for on your way in you naturally wander here and there out of your course, because you want to see what sign there is of woodcock and whether the old hen pheasants have had good luck with their spring broods. So you reach your camping place late in the afternoon. By the time you get things in shape you are a little too tired to let the trout know you have arrived that evening, and you bunk in on your bed of fresh-cut hemlock boughs, and before you've heard the whip-poor-will call twice, sitting as he is out beyond your cabin, and making the hills ring with his cheery darkness seem deeper with his plaintive notes, you throw one hand over your head and behold, you are asleep.

When you wake again "far in the East a saffron tint" is heralding the morning. The brown-winged thrush is just astir in the leafy copse, and is piping cheerily to the passing breeze. The breeze carries the greeting to other thrushes, and other thrushes send theirs along with it. Birds that are not thrushes toss their main voicings on the bosom of the willing breeze until it is bearing here, there, and everywhere, the gladness and the sweetness of nature's jubilate. A saucy red squirrel chatters in the big chestnut tree over in the dewy swail. The leaves tremble and shake and scatter down little showers of silver that will glitter like jewels by and by when the sun sees them. You can't quite see the brook, but you hear it shouting to you from beyond the stretch of hemlocks. You go out and look around and swell your lungs, and feel new life in every vein.

Then, as you want a bite before you start in on the day's fishing in earnest, you build a fire to cook the trout you are going out to catch as soon as your flies are tied on. Then down you seek the brook. You find it just as you hoped it would be. While you are looking it over a green-winged fly drops on the water. In spite of its struggles the ripples bear it along, until it circles around the edge of the big rock that divides the brook just below you, a rock that looks proud of the moss that covers it, and seems to say:

"Don't you wish you were I, sitting here in the shadows, with the cool waters kissing you and always singing to you, day in and day out, and never getting tired of it? Don't you wish you were I?"

The green-winged fly circles around the edge of the proud old rock. You see a flash in the water, and for a second or two the smooth surface is troubled and foamy. The green-winged fly is gone.

"Aha!" you say. "If you take mine like that, you're lost!"

Then you drop your flies below the rock and dance them up along its mossy side. Flash! Whisz! You have him! Your black gnat is in his jaw. Give him line! Look out for that old root! Keep him away from that! Keep him! There! That's it! Cool now, and steady! See him leap from the water! Whew! but he's a beauty! There he goes, down stream like a steam engine! Follow him if he takes you half a mile! But he turns and dashes toward you! Reel in, reel in! Hold your rod higher! Straighten it up! There! Now let him worry, if he will, in that deep hole. Keep him head up, and where he is, and he's yours. He's a game one, but he is conquered. He follows your line now as you reel it in. But gently with him! He'll give another kick and a plunge when he sees you. There he comes! Ah, the beauty of him! Your net! Aha! He's yours! You place him on the dewy grass. You inhale the flavor of him. Nothing like it grows on shrub or tree, nor can they make it with the balm of a thousand flowers! The sun has come, and, peering at your prize through the openings in the leafy branches, makes its gold and crimson sparkle again and again. You carry the trout to your fire and put him on to cook. You go to the creek and take a soothing bath in its limpid waters. Then you take that little flat bottle of yours and walk to the edge of the alder thicket and tamper with it gently. Then you have an appetite! And no king ever had more royal dish than awaits you.

And now you are on the stream, following it where its ripples merely kiss your feet, and where you must brave it waist deep in dark pools that frown, and where cataracts are angry, and where bold rocks warn you that danger is about them, and deep ravines echo with the sullen voice of waters held in check against their will. You follow it through shadowy woods and sunlit fields—there, where it murmurs peacefully by grassy banks, there where it leaps in wanton recklessness from rock to rock. All its moods are but changing joys to you. And you cast your flies in pool and ripple, demanding tribute from the stream at every turn until you are at last at the ancient log bridge, its timbers decaying and wary, for its only use for years has been to cast shadows on the water beneath it for trout to hide under when the noonday sun throws its rays too fiercely on the brook. There is the old meadow just beyond, and the big elm on the bank, spreading its great mat of shade over the grass beneath. Here is the choicest spot for luncheon and pipe, and you leave the brook to enjoy an hour. That hour! Lying in the cool shade of the old elm the smoke of your pipe cooling about in the soft June air, you see the sky, as blue as sky can be, with here and there a fleecy cloud scudding across it, and swallows dashing and flitting up and down, high and low, and never resting. You see the green row of bushes that grow along the old stone wall that keeps the meadow clear of the woods beyond, and the cool grove of maples that climbs the hill away to the right, and the old road that leads around the lower side of it so shady and smooth that no wonder people come for miles to walk in it, and nobody's horse is ever made to trot under this cove of the trees that always drop their shadows there. You see the meadow stretching away so green and level, with the cows standing in bunches under the big chestnut trees, chewing, chewing with their mild eyes closed, and their breath mingling with the perfume that even the bees can't rob the clover blossoms of, although they work like mad all day until their humming makes you faint and indolent and wish that there was nothing in the world but bees and sun and clover. And you hear the brook as it goes singing down through the meadow, hiding once in a while under the alder thickets, and then jumping out and laughing on its way, as if it were a child playing peek-a-boo with you, and by and by going off by itself in the woods where the meadow ends, and coming back no more, like a child that has played its play and gone away forever.

But the brook dancing away woos you from the shady elm, the meadow, the clover, the bees, and your pipe, and you follow it again till weariness and the departing sun warn you that the rare June day is dying. You put the siren voice of the brook behind you, and trail homeward with the evening shadows and the sweet-breathed kine.

Small Brain Fruit.

He—Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?

She—Yes, if you are not too far gone.

Briggs—Hello, what's your hurry?

Broggs—I am going down to kill an editor. I sent in a communication signed Honestas, and the idiot added an extra "s" to it.

"We ought to have named that boy Flannel."

"Why should we have named him Flannel?"

"Because he shrinks from washing."

A philosopher says: "Don't blame the world when things go wrong." Most men do not. They simply raise a row in the family and meet the world smiling.

Father—(sternly)—Joe, do you want me to put you in the dark closet?

Little Joe (equivocally)—Papa, what makes you ask me such questions?—*Lowell Citizen.*

She—No, you have ceased to love me; I have noticed that for a long time.

He—If you have noticed it, you must have lost your affection for me, for love is blind, you know.

Student (seeking apartments)—I think this room will do. Are there any children in the house?

Landlady (hesitatingly)—Yes, one—but—it is only four weeks old!

Somebody has invented a new waist attachment for ladies' dresses. We doubt if it is better than the old-fashioned kind which has a man's shoulder at one end and a cuff button near the other.

Guest (to head waiter)—Is your name Tide?

Waiter—No, sir.

Guest—Or Time?

Waiter—Not at all.

Guest—Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man.

A.—There is a sort of sympathy between extremes.

B.—I don't precisely understand what you mean.

"Well, for instance, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty woman's foot."—*Texas Siftings.*

Rather Embarrassing.

A country parish minister, lately visiting Edinburgh, met in the street a servant girl who had left his congregation to go to a situation.

"Well, Maggie," said he kindly, "how do you like your new situation?"

"Fine, sir; but I'm gey lonely among sae mony strange folk."

"I was thinking so, Maggie. Well, I'll call and see you before I leave town."

"No, sir"—very dolefully—"ye mauna dae that, for our mistress allows nae followers; but—" brightening up—"if ye come tae the back gate when its dark, I'll try tae let you in at the wundy."

A Pertinent Remark.

Mr. Proudfoot—Who's yo' a starin' at, Gabe Roobles?

Gabe (whose suspicions have been aroused)—I s'pose a cat kin look at a king, can't he?—*Judge.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

VIOLET BECOMES A PRISONER.

Mrs. Alexander Hartley Hawley, as she was always particular to write her name, was much the same type of a woman as Mrs. Mencke; she had the advantage of not possessing such an exceedingly high temper.

She was more suave and insinuating in her manner, and where she had a difficult object to attain she always strove to win by strategy rather than to antagonize her opponents by attempting to drive.

She also was intensely proud and tenacious of caste—a leader in society and a great stickler regarding outward appearances.

In the old days, when Mrs. Mencke had so offended against upper-tendom by eloping with the poor clerk in her father's employ, Mrs. Hawley had dropped her from her extensive list of acquaintances; but after Mr. Huntington's death, when the young couple came into possession of a handsome fortune, the former friendship was renewed and their intimacy, if anything, had been closer than during their youthful days.

To this friend and ally, who resided among the glories of Eden Park, Mrs. Mencke now repaired to ask her advice regarding what course to pursue with Violet in her present unmanageable mood.

She frankly confided everything to her, and concluded her revelation by remarking with an anxious brow:

"I am at my wits' end, Althea, and have come to ask your help in this emergency."

"Certainly, Belle, I will do all in my power to help you," Mrs. Hawley replied, eagerly, for she dearly loved to exercise her diplomatic talents, "but I fear that will not be much for we have decided, quite suddenly, to sail for Europe the tenth of next month."

"Yes, I learned of your plan to-day through Mrs. Rider, and when Violet got upon her stilts, on my return from my calls, it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps, if the matter was rightly managed and you would not mind the care for awhile, she would accept an invitation from you to travel in Europe. If

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Cynthia came softly into the room. She looked timidly towards Hubert's chair, then rushed forward and rang the bell violently. She had had some fear of the result of Enid's visit, and her fear was certainly justified. Hubert had fainted away when his visitor left the room.

It was not until some time afterwards that Cynthia allowed him to talk again. She had medicaments of various kinds to apply, and insisted upon his being perfectly quiet. She had wanted him to go to bed again; but he had resisted this proposition; and, in consequence, he was still in the sitting-room, though lying upon the sofa, at the hour of half-past eight that evening, when the light was fading, and Cynthia was at his side.

"You feel better now, do you not?" she said to him.

"Yes thank you." The tone was curiously dispirited.

"I must call Jenkins, and you must go to bed."

He caught her hand.

"Not yet, Cynthia—I want to say something."

"To-morrow," she suggested.

"No, not to-morrow—to-night. I am quite well able to talk. Cynthia, where is your father?"

The question was utterly unexpected.

"My father!" she echoed. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I have an impression that he is in England, and that you have seen him lately."

"If I had," said Cynthia, tremulously, "I should be bound not to tell any one."

"Ah, that is true! And you would not trust even me," he remarked, with a great sigh.

"Well, I suppose that you are right!"

"I trust you perfectly," she said.

"You have no reason to do so. Cynthia, do you know why Enid Vane came to-day?"

"Yes—she told me."

"She is engaged to Mr. Evandale. She has set me free."

There was a silence. Cynthia did not move; and at last Hubert said, in a stifled voice:

"I love one woman, and one only. What can I say to her?"

"Nothing but that," said Cynthia, softly; and then she turned and kissed him.

"I dare not say even that," he muttered.

"Why not? You told me once of an obstacle—Enid Vane was the obstacle, was she not?"

"One obstacle. But there was another."

"Another!" exclaimed Cynthia. "What could that be?"

She was kneeling beside him, her hand locked fast in his, her arm upon his shoulder. A sort of sob broke from his lips.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "I am the last man that you ought ever to have loved!"

"But I love you now, Hubert."

"I am a villain, Cynthia—a mean, miserable cur! Can't you accept that fact, and leave me without asking why?"

"No, I cannot, Hubert; I don't believe it."

"It is no good telling me that—I know myself too well. Believe all that I say, Cynthia, and give me up. Don't make me tell you why."

"I shall always love you," she whispered, "whether you are bad or good."

"Suppose that I had injured anyone that was very dear to you—saved myself from punishment at his expense? I daren't go any farther. Is there nothing that you can suppose that I have done—the very hardest thing in the whole world for you to forgive? You can't forgive it, I know; to tell you means to cut myself off from you for the rest of my life; and yet I cannot make up my mind to take advantage of your ignorance. I have resolved, Cynthia, that I will not say another word of—of love to you—until you know the truth."

She paused at him, her lips growing white, her eyes dilating with sudden terror.

"There is only one thing," she said at length, "that I—that I——"

"That you could not forgive. I am answered, Cynthia; it is that one thing that I have done."

He spoke very calmly, but his face was white with a pallor like that of death. She remained motionless; it seemed as if she could scarcely dare to breathe, and her face was as pale as his own.

"Hubert," she said, presently, only just above her breath, "you must be saying what you do not mean!"

"I could be glad that I did not mean it!" he exclaimed, destirring himself and trying to rise. "Get up, Cynthia; I cannot lie here and see you kneeling there. Rather let me kneel to you, for I have wronged you—I have wronged your father beyond forgiveness. It was I—I who killed Sydney Vane!"

He was standing now; but she knelt beside the sofa, with her face full of terror.

"Hubert," she said, caressingly, "you do not know what you say. Sit down, my darling, and keep quiet. You will be better soon."

"I am not raving," he answered her; "I am only speaking the truth. God help me! All these years I have kept the secret, Cynthia; but it is true—I swear before God that it is true!—it was I who killed Sydney Vane. Now curse me if you will, as your father did long years ago."

He fell back on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands with a moan of intolerable pain.

There came a long silence. Cynthia did not move; she also had hidden her face.

"Oh," she said at last, "I do not know what to do! My poor father—my poor father! Think of the shame and anguish that he went through! Oh, how could you bear to let him suffer so?" And then she wept bitterly and unrestrainedly; and Hubert sat with his head bowed in his hands.

But after a time she became calm; then, without looking up, she said, in a low voice—

"I should like to hear it all now. Tell me how it happened."

He started and removed his hands from his face. It was so haggard, so miserable, that Cynthia, as she glanced at him, felt not forbear an impulse of pity. But she averted her head and would not look at him again.

"You must tell me everything now," she said.

And so he told the story. He found it hard to begin; but, as he went on, a certain relief came to him, in spite of shame and sorrow, at the disburthening himself of his secret. He did not spare himself. He told the tale very fully, and, little by little it seemed to Cynthia that she began to understand his life, his character, his very soul, as she had never understood them before. She understood, but she did not love.

The confession left her cold; her father's wrongs had turned her heart to stone.

"And now," he said, when he had finished his story, "you can fetch your father and clear him in the eyes of the world as soon as you like. I will take any punishment that the law allots me. But I think that I shall not have to bear it long. Even a life sentence ends one day, thank God!"

Then Cynthia spoke.

"You think," she said very coldly, "that I shall tell your story—that I shall denounce you to the police?"

"As you please, Cynthia," he answered, with a sadness born of despair.

"You throw the burden on me!" she said. "You have thrown your burdens on other people's shoulders all your life, it seems. But now you must bear your own." She rose and moved away from him. "I shall not accuse you. Your confession is safe enough with me. You forget that I—I loved you once. I cannot give you up to justice even for my father's sake. You must manage the matter for yourself."

"Cynthia, he cried hoarsely—"Cynthia, be merciful!"

"Had you any mercy for my father?" she asked him, looking at him with eyes in which the reproach was terrible to his inmost soul. "Did you ever think what he had to bear?" Her hand was on the door. "I am going now," she said—"I am going to my father; I have learned the place in which he lives. But I shall not tell him what you have just told me. Justify him to the world if you like; till that is done, I will never speak to you again."

"Cynthia—Cynthia!" cried the wretched man.

He rose from the sofa and stretched out his arms blindly towards her. But she would not relent.

As she left the room, he fell to the floor—insensible for the second time that day. She heard the crashing fall—she knew that he was in danger; but her heart was hardened, and she would not look back. The only thing she did was to call Jenkins before she left the house and send him to his master. And then she went out into the street, and said to herself that she would never enter the house again.

Jenkins went up to the drawing-room, and found Mr. Lepel lying on the floor. He and his wife managed with some difficulty to get him back to bed. Then they sent for the doctor. But, when the doctor came, he shook his head, and looked very serious over Hubert's state. A relapse had taken place; he was delirious again; and no one could say whether he would recover from this second attack. Cynthia was asked for at once; but Cynthia was nowhere to be found.

"She will come back, no doubt, sir," Jenkins said.

"I hope she will," the doctor answered, "for Mr. Lepel's chances are considerably lessened by her absence."

But the night passed, and the next day followed, and the next; but Cynthia never came.

In the meantime there was one person in the house who knew more of her than she chose to say. Miss Sabina Meldreth had been keeping her eye, by Mrs. Vane's orders, upon Cynthia West. She had listened at the door during the conversation between Enid and Hubert, but without much result. Their voices had been subdued, and she had gained nothing for her pains. But it was somewhat different during the interview between Cynthia and Hubert. The emotion of the two speakers had been rather too difficult to repress. Some few of Hubert's words, as well as Cynthia's passionate sobs, had reached her ears; and Cynthia's last sentences, spoken in a clear penetrating voice, had not been lost on her. She was behind the folding-doors between the two rooms when Cynthia made her exit. Sabina Meldreth's heart beat with excitement. Miss West would go to her father, would she? Then she, Sabina, would follow her—would track the felon to his hiding-place! The hint that Hubert could clear him if he would was lost upon her in the delight of this discovery. She could not afford to miss this opportunity of pleasing Mrs. Vane and earning three hundred pounds. She followed Cynthia downstairs, seized a hat from a peg in the hall, and walked out into the street.

It was already dark, but the girl's tall graceful figure was easily discernible at some little distance. Miss Meldreth followed her hurriedly; she was determined to lose no chance of discovering Westwood and delivering him up to the authorities.

Down one street after another did she track the convict's daughter. Cynthia went through quiet quarters—she had not ventured into a crowded thoroughfare, she would soon have been lost to view. But she had no suspicion that she was being pursued, or she might have been more careful. In one little court on the north side of Holborn she presently came to a halt. There was a dingy little house with "Lodgings to let" on a board and window, and at the door of this house she stopped and gave three knocks with her knuckles. In a few moments the door was opened and she stepped in. Sabina could not see who admitted her.

She waited for some time. A light appeared after a while in an upper window, and one or two shadows crossed the white linen blind. Sabina went a little higher up the court and watched. The shadows came again—first the shadow of a woman with a hat upon her head—ah, that was Miss West!—next that of a man—nearer the window and more distinct. Sabina thought that she recognized the slight stoop of the shoulders, the stiff and halting gait.

"I have caught you at last, have I, Mr. Reuben Dare?" she said to herself, with a chuckle, as she noted the number of the house and the name of the court. "Well, I shall get three hundred pounds for this night's work! I'll wait a bit and see what happens next."

What happened next was that the lights were extinguished and that the house seemed to be shut up.

"Safe for the night!" said Sabina, chuckling to herself. "Well, I've done pretty well under my feet this time. I'll tell the police to-morrow morning, and I'll write to Mrs. Vane as well. But I'm tired to-night."

She retraced her steps to Russell Square, and at once indited a letter to Mrs. Vane with a full account of that she had seen and heard. She slipped out to post it that very night, and lay down with the full intention of going to Scotland Yard the next morning. But in the morning she was delayed—for an hour only; but that hour was fatal to her plans. When the police visited the house in Vernon Court, they found that the rooms were empty, and that Cynthia and her father had disappeared. Nobody knew anything about them; and the police retired in an exceedingly bad humor, pouring anathemas upon Sabina's head. But Sabina did not care; she had received news which had stupefied her for a time and hindered her in the execution of her designs—little Dick Vane was dead.

The child had never rallied from the accident which had befallen him. For several days and nights he lived in a state of coma; and then, still unconscious, he had passed away. His watchers scarcely knew at what moment he ceased to breathe; even the general, who had seldom left his side, could not tell exactly when the child died. So peacefully the little life came to a close that it seemed only that his sleep was preternaturally long. And with him a long course of perplexity and deceit seemed likely also to have its end.

Mrs. Vane had been relieved and displeased the general during the boy's illness; she had steadily refused to nurse him—even to see him, towards the end. The general was an easy-and indulgent husband, but he noticed that his wife seemed to have no love for the child, who was all in all to him. He noticed that even Flossy refused to look at the dead boy's face when he was gone. The general reproached her for her hardness of heart, and declared bitterly that the child had never known a mother's love. And Flossy did not easily forgive the imputation, although she professed to accept it meekly, and to excuse herself by saying that her nerves were too delicate to bear the shock of seeing a dead child.

Troubles seemed to heap themselves upon the general's head. His boy was gone; Enid, whom he tenderly loved, had left his house; Hubert, to whom also he was much attached, lay ill again, and was scarcely expected to recover. By the time the funeral was over, the general had worked himself up to such a state of nervous anxiety that it was felt by his friends that some immediate change must be made in his manner of life. And here a suggestion of Flossy's became unexpectedly useful—she proposed that the general should go to his sister's for a time, and that she should stay at Hubert's lodging.

It was not that she cared very much for her brother, or that she was likely to prove a good nurse, but that she was afraid, from what Sabina said, that Hubert might be doing something rash—making confessions perhaps, or letting Cynthia West into his confidence. If she were on the spot, she felt that she could hinder any such rash proceeding with Sabina's help.

But Sabina was not to the fore. When she heard that Mrs. Vane was coming to town, she threw up her engagement and went back to her aunt's at Camden Town. A trained nurse took her place, and Mrs. Vane lodged in the house.

Contrary to the doctor's expectations, Hubert survived the crisis of his fever, and passed at last into the convalescent stage; though very weak, he was pronounced to be out of danger, and he began to grow stronger every day. But, as every one who had known him in happier days had reason to remark, he bore himself like an utterly broken-hearted man. Something ailed man. It seemed as if he would never hold up his head again—all hope went from him when Cynthia left his side.

(To be continued.)

Book-Hunger.

I have a picture hanging in my library, a lithograph, of which many of my readers have seen copies. It represents a gray-haired old booklover at the top of a long flight of steps. He finds himself in clover, so to speak, among rare old editions—books he has longed to look upon and never seen before, rarities, incunabula, old volumes, *incunabula*, cradle-books, printed while the art was in its infancy—its glorious infancy, for it was born a giant. The old bookworm is so intoxicated with the sight and handling of the priceless treasures that he cannot bear to put one of the volumes back after he has taken it from the shelf. So there he stands—one book open in his hands, a volume under each arm, and one or more between his legs—loaded with as many as he can possibly hold at the same time.

Now, that is just the way in which the extreme form of book-hunger shows itself in the reader whose appetite has become over-developed. He wants to read so many books that he over-crams himself with the crude materials of knowledge, which become knowledge only when the mental digestion has time to assimilate them. I never can go into that famous "Corner Bookstore" and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. I cannot empty my purse of its contents. We are accustomed, therefore, to look for analyses of these periodicals, and at last we have placed before us a formidable-looking monthly, the *Review of Reviews*. After the analyses comes the newspaper notice; and there is still room for the epigram, which sometimes makes short work with all that has gone before on the same subject.

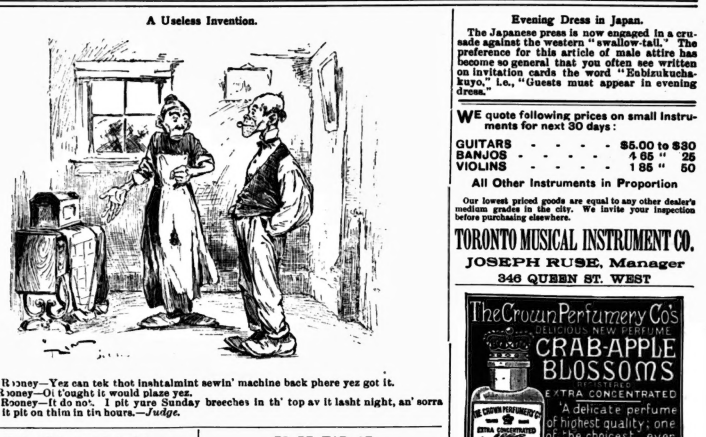
It is just as well to recognize the fact that if one should read day and night, confining himself to his own language, he could not pretend to keep up with the press. He might as well try to race with a locomotive. The first disciple, therefore, is that of despair. If you could stick to your reading day and night for fifty years, what a learned man you would be, come long before the half-century was over! Well, then, there is no use in gorging one's self with knowledge, and no need of self-reproach because one is content to remain more or less ignorant of many things which interest his fellow-creatures. We get a good deal of knowledge through the atmosphere; we learn a great deal by accidental hearsay, provided we have the *mordant* in our own consciousness which makes the wise remark, the significant fact, the instructive incident, take hold upon it. After the stage of despair comes the period of consolation. We soon find that we are not much worse off than most of our neighbors as we supposed. The fractional value of the wisest shows a small numerator divided by an infinite denominator of knowledge.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

Respect for Youth.

Boys, especially, shrink from any approach to ridicule on the part of their elders. Only yesterday a wise and amiable philosopher confessed to me that his disapproval of a certain person of note arose from nothing more serious than an unlucky question put to him in his boyhood by the celebrity we were discussing. The man, meaning to be pleasantly jocose, in the presence of others had asked the boy what he thought of matters and things in general. The fitting repartee is not apparent at once even to a mature mind; and the poor victim had remained confused and silent, recalling his painful position ever afterward at sight of his tormentor—until displeasure, thriving upon itself, grew into resentment.

We may be so unfortunate as to encounter antipathetic creatures at all seasons of our lives; but surely the antipathies most deeply rooted have their seed sown early, as this one was. Beware of youth! it is to be dreaded, not despised. The callow fledgling whom we laugh at may burst into song one day. Worse than that, he may impale us for our shortcomings with a shaft of satire, as the poet of the ages did poor Justice Shallow. We, through him, may live eternally inglorious, while he reads his history in all nations' eyes. —*Scribner's Magazine.*

A Useless Invention.



Mrs. Rooney—Yez can tek thot inshtalmint sewin' machine back phere yez got it.
Mr. Rooney—O! t'ought it would place yez.
Mrs. Rooney—It do not. A pit pare Sunday breeches in th' top av it lasht night, an' sorra th' patch it pit on thim in tin hours.—*Judge.*

TO BE HAD AT

Dan Taylor & Co.'s

ALSO

Invigorating Lavender Smelling Salts (English)

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS

Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes

All the best manufacturers represented

Arcade Pharmacy

133 Yonge Street

Telephone 1106

THE

CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED

LATE OF R. HAY & CO.

NEW DESIGNS

IN

Fancy and Staple

FURNITURE

95 and 97 Yonge Street

CANADA'S SUMMER RESORT

THE IROQUOIS HOUSE

IN THE

BELŒIL MOUNTAINS

(St. Hilaire, Quebec)

One Hour From Montreal

Open from May 22 to Oct. 1

B. F. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

Evening Dress in Japan.

The Japanese press is now engaged in a crusade against the western "swallow-tail." The preference for this article of male attire has become so general that you often see written on invitation cards the word "Eubizukuchaku-fuyo," i.e., "Guests must appear in evening dress."

WE quote following prices on small instruments for next 30 days:

GUITARS	$5.00 to $30
BANJOS	4 65 " 25
VIOLINS	1 85 " 50

All Other Instruments in Proportion

Our lowest priced goods are equal to any other dealer's medium grades in the city goods. We invite your inspection before purchasing elsewhere.

TORONTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.

JOSEPH RUSE, Manager

346 QUEEN ST. WEST

The Crown Perfumery Co's DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS EXTRA CONCENTRATED

"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—Court Journal

177 NEW BOND ST LONDON.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars

HEASLIP & PIERCE

Proprietors

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

PATENTS

Caveats and *Re-issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.

With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.

FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive attention given to patent business*. Information, advice and special references sent on request.

R. J. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.
(*Mention this Paper.*) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

Dunn's Mustard

MENIER CHOCOLATE

UNRIVALLED. UNEQUALLED.

PUREST IN THE WORLD.

CONTAINS no CHEMICALS or ADULTERATIONS.

Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 3 GOLD MEDALS.

Ask your Grocer for

MENIER CHOCOLATE (YELLOW WRAPPER).

For Sale Everywhere.

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DAVID CRAWFORD, MONTREAL AGENT

CONSUMPTION SURELY ✱ CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A Luxuriant Growth Of Hair

May be obtained by the continued use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. ✱✱A few years ago my hair began to turn gray, and, a short time after, fell out so freely that I became nearly bald. Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulated a new growth of hair, and of the original color. I have applied the Vigor, occasionally, since that time, and my hair is now strong and abundant.—Ira D. Kennah, Utica, N. Y.

I had been troubled, for years, with scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft, black hair.—Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores a natural color to gray hair, promotes healthy growth, and keeps the hair soft and pliant.—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Scrofulous

Humors originate in the blood, which, when vitiated, carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofula. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. Flower, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Affections

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest alterative treatment. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unequaled.

I was always troubled with a Scrofulous Humor. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Cass, Chelsea, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Choirmaster Chu ch of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
At his residence,
3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

H. M. FIELD
FROM LEIPZIG AND FRANKFORT
Piano Virtuoso
165 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music
Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE
To accommodate those living at a distance
Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont.,
Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

WALTER DONVILLE
Teacher of Violin
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatorio, Leipsic, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI
Pianoforte pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg, late principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students, and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical profession—operatic, concerts and oratorios. Voice production is one of Signor Rubini's specialities. Terms moderate. Circulars on application at residence, 152 Wilton Avenue, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Suckling & Sons.

MISS ALICE WALTZ
Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.
CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL
Pupils received in Voice Culture.
417 Church Street

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS MARIE C. STRONG, Primo-Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons', or 30 Bond Street.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
Thorough Instruction in All Branches
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

SUMMER CLASSES
FROM JULY 7th TO AUGUST 2nd
AT
BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
ARCADE, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Subjects—Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Shorthand and Typewriting.
For terms, address
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

LADIES find pleasant and profitable employment as Shorthanders and Typewriters in commercial and legal offices. Over 700 graduates passed and placed. Constant calls for skilled lady operators. Fairest Canadian shorthand school. Lady and gentleman teachers. Best instruction. Remington Typewriters and Caligraph machines. Circulars free. Call or write.
Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute
PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING - - TORONTO
THOS. BENGOUGH, (Official Court Reporter), Manager. Telephone 1555

ARLINGTON HOTEL TORONTO

THE GOLDEN HORSE
Lugsdin & Barnett
SADDLERS
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Trunks, Valises, Bags, Riding Saddles
ALSO COMPLETE LINES IN
Riding Whips and Crops, Horse Boots
Horse Sheets, Coolers, Waterproof Goods
And Every Description of Horse Gear.
Specialties in Sole Leather and Military Work
Lugsdin & Barnett
115 YONGE STREET

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
ARTIST
STUDIO 51 KING ST. EAST

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 King St. West - TORONTO

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. HENDON, 238 McCaul Street.

Carpets Cleaned
On the floor or taken up and cleaned—any way to please you
Our patrons appreciate our efforts to please them, because we try to be as prompt as possible with our work. Telephone to 3751, or send a card to
The Toronto Carpet Renovating Co.
509 1-2 Yonge Street

JOHN P. MILL
445 Yonge Street
HIGH GRADE WATCHES A SPECIALTY

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM
THE CHOICEST LINES OF
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
First-Class Restaurant in Connection
E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

M. McCONNELL
Late of "Headquarters"
Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Liquors and Cigars
COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE
CALL AT
JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT
DOORS NEVER CLOSED
Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $5.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Telephone 3621

PATTERSON & FENTON
Dentists
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 169 COLLEGE ST. DOWN TOWN OFFICE 141 YONGE ST.
Dental Electric Vibrator for Painless Extraction.

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

A FORGETFUL HOST.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

CUNARD LINE
NOTED FOR SAFETY
Established more than fifty years ago.
Never Lost the Life of a Passenger
A. F. WEBSTER
Passenger Agent - - 58 Yonge Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TORONTO, May 15, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—I purpose (D.V.) leaving Toronto Union Station via North Bay and Canadian Pacific Railway at 11 p.m., June 23, 1890, with a select party for all points on the Pacific coast, stopping over at Banff Hot Springs (in the heart of the Rockies) on Sunday, June 29, for rest.
Our party will be supplied with one of the Canadian Pacific latest family apartment cars, which is furnished with complete outfit of bedding, &c., similar to first-class sleeping cars, containing cooking range. An experienced porter will accompany the party.
This excursion will combine all the comforts of Pullman travel at the lowest second-class rate with $5 additional on each ticket for sleeping car privilege, giving an opportunity of viewing the grandest scenery on the American continent. Children between the age 5 and 12, half fare; under 5, free. One hundred and fifty pounds of baggage will be checked on each full ticket and 75 lbs. on each half ticket.
Berths will be allocated in the order applied for, and berth checks sent therefor on receipt of $5.
The party will be under my charge to destination, and I promise any who join a comfortable and pleasant trip.
For further information write to
Yours truly,
(Rev.) COVERDALE WATSON,
care of W. R. CALLAWAY,
District Passenger Agent.
Canadian Pacific Railway,
118 King St. West, Toronto.

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

All the Go Lancers
By Chas. Bohner.....50
Kathie (military) Schottische
By Arthur M. Cohen.....35
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....60
Song—Memory
By H. Tourjee.....50
Haute Volee Rye
By Bohner.....40
On Time Jersey
By Bohner.....40
Avant Garde March
By Gowan.....35
Everything in the Musical line, up to the times, and at right prices.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

LOST
All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our
BOOTS AND SHOES
From that old reliable house of
H. & C. BLACHFORD
AMERICAN GOODS A SPECIALTY
87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

A POINTER FROM PICKLES
His $3 SHOE is a marvel of quality, style, fit and cheapness. HIS OWN MAKE.
WM. PICKLES
328 Yonge Street

Children's Tan Shoes
SPRING HEELS
AND
Summer Shoes
FOR EVERYBODY
IN
Black
and
Colored
Kid
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager

DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have undoubted confidence of assuring entire satisfaction.
ROOMS—E. WALKER & SONS

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

WANZER LAMPS
Are the popular lamps of the day
No chimney to break
No danger to fear
No oil to waste
With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes
Get a breakfast or cook a dinner
Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

MISS PAYNTER
Has just received
A Full Assortment
OF
SPRING MILLINERY
AT
No. 3 Rossin Block
King Street West
TORONTO

438 YONGE ST.
OPP. CARLTON STREET.
MISS HOLLAND
Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of
French Patterns in Millinery
Together with novelties in
Flowers, Ribbons, &c.
Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

AND
- SPECTACLES -
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.
J. FOSTER, 12 King Street West

Miss Stevens
251 Yonge St.
Opp. Trinity Square
TORONTO
Grand Opening
OF
New Goods
Stylish Millinery, Vellings in great variety, Ribbons in all the new shades, Feathers, Flowers and Fancy Goods.
Early inspection invited.
Mourning a specialty

The Millinery AND Dressmaking House
ESTABLISHED 1860

New shades in Ribbon, new designs in Shapes, stylishly made up to suit every customer, Flowers, Feathers, Vellings, &c., in great variety. Take advantage of our long experience—a trial order will convince.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
Fashion, Fit and Finish assured. We stand second to none in this department.
Leave orders early to assure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING HEADQUARTERS FOR THE
"NEW TAILOR SYSTEM"
Cutting taught by this UNIQUE system in all its branches. Liberal inducements to agents.
J. & A. Carter, 372 Yonge St., Toronto

Mr. John Morley on Literature.

At the centenary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London, England, Mr. John Morley responded for Literature, and in the course of his speech said:

"I often wonder whether there are fifty, or even twenty, men and women who are earning a competence by the authorship of books, putting school books out of the question. We can depend upon it—and in saying this I am not sure that I ought not to address my remarks equally to the ladies who grace us with their presence to-night—that the book-writer, unless he chance to have a great natural gift for fiction, however frugal and homely his life, whatever his sources of accumulated knowledge, if he depends upon the authorship of books as his only resource, he or she will be likely to have a hard time of it. And this marks a great change in our literary history—that the opening now, for those who look to literature as a subsistence, is in journalism. It has been truly said that the great advantage of literature is that it has the last word. So it has, in a sense—at least, the highest kind of literature has. But there is also a kind of literature which nobody can afford to despise, and which has the first word—I mean journalistic literature. The great historian of the Council of Trent said that it was enough for him if he got a dozen readers in an age. That is one kind of literature. The other kind, to which the modern ideal more nearly conforms, is that which has a hundred thousand readers for two minutes after breakfast. The result for journalism has been undoubtedly good; and we have now in England—in journalism of the highest kind—a vivacity, an industry, and I will even say a conscientiousness, which has never before been seen in journalism. I know very well what journalism is. I began a good many years ago by teaching Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone the arts of statesmanship in the columns of important prints. As Thackeray has said of that band of which I was a very humble member: 'We taught painters how to paint, poets how to write, and we taught ladies of the ballet how to pirouette.' I have now had the advantage of seeing the other side of it; and in my very small experience I have been taught myself by young gentlemen of twenty or of five-and-twenty the arts of politics and public life.

"On the whole, however stinging, however biting, journalism may be, it is a great force for good; and we may be well satisfied if there is a certain diversion of cultivation, of intellectual interest, and of moral interest into what seems like ephemeral production; because along with it there is no cessation of great monumental works. We have them in every form and in every kind; and I must say that I for one feel that the more letters are followed as a profession the less likely is the great art of literature to suffer. But the more letters are followed as a profession the greater and the heavier will be the demands upon this society. Many will drift into it, will struggle on, and will not find out their mistake until it is too late. All of us hold our life, and even our reason, as Sir Walter Scott well says, upon a tenure more precarious than we should be content to hold even an Irish cabin upon. With many, or with some, the stage darkens before the curtain falls. Youth must always have its struggle and battle; and I have heard from those who have now grasped the glittering bubbles of fame and reputation that the days of their youth, when they were in solitary chambers with not too much to eat, when they had within them the fire of the zeal for truth and knowledge, and all the enthusiasm and illusions of youth—that those, after all, were not the least happy portions of their lives. Youth, therefore, must fight its battles; but it is not for youth that this society exists. It is for those who, as I say, have made a mistake in their vocation; and there is no vocation in which there are so many who think themselves called in proportion to the few who are chosen. In conclusion, I will only express my full confidence in the future of letters in this country. I am fully persuaded, as I am sure all of you are, that the same moral energy, the same vivid intellectual perception, the same mastery of that great instrument, our language, which has made our literature one of the greatest triumphs of Great Britain—that all these qualities will remain, will operate, and will add still further in the future to that great capital which the renown of our men of letters has given to us, and will still further strengthen the moral dominion of our realm, which is more important to us than extent of territorial possessions, and more lasting than any material supremacy."

Very Likely.

Miss Poesy, having warned Mr. Verse on his departure from home that her father did not approve of her receiving love-letters, the young man equaled the emergency in the following manner:

DEAR MISS POESY:

On my lonely journey I reflected with pleasure that our last disagreement had a satisfactory termination. As Coleridge beautifully remarks:

"For to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Naturally in the revulsion of feeling after an approach to a quarrel, I would prefer to express myself with less moderation, but I have given my word of honor, and, as the poet says:

"I could not like thee, dear, half so much,
Liked I not honor more."

Now, I must say good-by until this evening. Business cares claim me for their own, and I must put on a worldly mask to meet him. Haply, as Browning hath it,

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Hath two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he—likes—her."

Yours very truly,

LYRIC VERSE.

"H'm," said old Mr. Poesy, giving his daughter a dubious look, as he handed the letter back to her, "he seems to be a very likely young man."—*Puck.*

How They Always Talk.

Levelhead—Seen Jinks lately?

Blinks—Yes, met him last night in Ginaling's saloon. He was on one of his periodical sprees, and it was very hard to get away from him. Jinks is going down fast.

Levelhead (a few hours afterward)—Hello, Jinks! Heard you were with Binks last night.

Jinks—Yes, met him at Ginaling's last night, and the fellow was so drunk I had to help him home. Just tell you, Binks has got to reform pretty soon or he'll be in the gutter.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Girl Across the Way.

She sits smiling by the window
Through sunshine and through rain;
And her smile's no'er dimmed by sorrow,
Though it often is by pain.

—*Muncey's Weekly.*

TENT FOR SALE

"Fairy Lawn," red striped: size 9 x 9. Almost new, with platform complete. A bargain for quick buyer. Apply at SATURDAY NIGHT Office, or at 14 Borden Street.

Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt system of railways. The short and picturesque summer route to

Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

PALACE STEAM STEAMERS

Cibola and Chicora

Leave Yonge St. Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m.

Tickets at all principal offices and on boats.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

LORNE PARK HOTEL

OPENS MONDAY, JUNE 2

Under strictly first-class management.

For terms apply by letter to LORNE PARK CO., Toronto. On and after June 2 also apply at Hotel.

Swift and elegant steamer GREYHOUND is chartered for this season. Good train service.

WM. HAWTHORNE,
Manager for Company formerly of London, Ont.).

Steamship, Rail and Boat Agency

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

Chicora and Cibola

Lovely summer route to

Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Points

Special attention given to Church and Society excursions.

Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to

ROBINSON & HEATH
Custom House Brokers, 69½ Yonge St.

KID GLOVES
KID GLOVES

An immense sale of Kid Gloves now going on at

McKeown & Company's

We have just purchased 489 doz. of French Kid Gloves from a manufacturer's agent, at less than half price to clear the lot.

We have all shades of Browns, Tans and Black, in every size.

Ladies' 4-Button Colored Kid Gloves, 25c.

Ladies' 4-Button Colored Kid Gloves, 39c.

Our special 4-Button Black and Colored Kid Glove at 50c., is the best value in the city.

Undressed and Mousquetaire Kid Gloves, 8-button length, selling 50c. per pair, worth $1.

Silk Gloves and Mitts in every shade.

75 doz. Ladies' Ribbed Underwear 50c., will be cleared at 37 1-2c.

Special value in Ladies' Balbriggan, Natural Cashmere and Cotton Underwear.

300 doz. Ladies Black Cashmere Hose 20c., 25c., 30c. per pair, the greatest value we have ever shown.

A specialty with us is in our Dressmaking Department. We do first-class Dressmaking. Every satisfaction guaranteed our customers, at LOWER PRICES than any other house in the city.

McKeown & Company

182 Yonge Street

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

426½ Yonge St., Just South of College

A GREAT BOOK

BY A GREAT WRITER

JUST ISSUED

TOLSTOI'S

"A Kreutzer Sonata"

By COUNT LYON F. TOLSTOI

Cheap paper edition, 60c.; or by mail, post paid, 63c.

FOR SALE AT

P. C. ALLAN'S

35 King Street West, Toronto

MUSIC! DANCE MUSIC!

From East, West North and South. Orders are constantly pouring in for our elegant dance music. Why? Because it is good, cheap and just suits the dancers for which it is intended. Full size, large type and easy to play. Piano or violin. Only for a short time longer.

LAST FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR

*Waltz Minuet. New	Prof. Davis .60
Lawn Tennis Waltz. New	Prof. Davis .30
*Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz. New	Prof. Davis .75
Pit-a-Pat Schottische. New	Prof. Davis .40
*La Zinka, play for Ripple or Rye. New	Prof. Davis .35
*Le Bronco. Only one published	Prof. Davis .35
*Jersey. The Favorite	Prof. Davis .35
*Ripple. Original	Prof. Davis .35
*La Frolique. Good closing piece	Prof. Davis .35
Cymbeline Waltzes. Extra fine	Prof. Davis .40
Bugle Call Polka. (Call to arms)	Prof. Davis .50
Lancers, for Saratoga or Bombay	Prof. Davis .50
*Eureka Quadrille	Prof. Davis .50

Pieces marked thus (*) are our own dances. Fully explained. Sent by mail on receipt of price. FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR. Address PROF. J. F. DAVIS, 91 Milton Ave., Toronto, Teacher of Dancing. Thirty-one years in Toronto.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street
Corner Shuter Street

LOOK

FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

SEND TO

HARRY WEBB'S

FOR ESTIMATES FOR

Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIÆ

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

CURLINE

DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties

Price 50 Cents

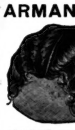
All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge Street

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE



ARMAND'S

Wavy Frontpieces

For elderly ladies would be a decided advantage to so many ladies who wear their hair parted continually, and through that effort injure their hair. Armand's Wavy Frontpieces are of fine make and finish and hair foundation, and naturally wavy.

Armand's two elegant new styles of Wavy Frontpieces (latest design) suitable only for ladies of style and taste (qui ont du chic). Will be made to order only.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—Easily, quickly and safely removed with MODENE solution. Price $1.50 and $2.50 per bottle; sent by post, 5c. extra.

AGENCY:
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 Yonge St., 407, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

MORINUS HOUSE

New house and newly furnished and situate on west shore of Lake Rosseau. Every convenience for tourists.

Boats and Bath House on the Premises. Good Fishing in the Locality

Special terms to families. Satisfaction guaranteed. For further particulars apply to P. Marcotte, Judd Haven P. O., Lake Rosseau, Ont.

McNAUGHTON & CO., Proprietors.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

New arrivals—Best New York made Agate Ironware—Teapot, 50c., regular price $1.50; 85c., regular $1.50; Coffee Pot 55c., regular $1.50: Pie Plates 14c., regular 25c. Full lines of these goods at same per cent. off price. Maple wood Chopping and Butter Bowls, 10c., 19c. and 34c., not half usual price. On our Bargain tables are stamped 13 in. Trays, 4c. each; Dippers, 4c.; Dust Pans, 5c.; Sponges, 2c.; Bowls, 2c. and 3c.; Children's Decorated Plates, 4c.; Envelopes, 1c. bunch and 2c. bunch. These are but small percentages of real value and others equally cheap and attractive are through the center of our store. Bird Cages in fine variety, with all the new styles. Be sure and read our Price List. It will tell you how to buy best makes of goods at very best advantage. Mailed free.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

LACE CURTAINS

JUST RECEIVED

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

Swiss, Tambour, Applique, Colbert, Irish Point and Brussels Point Curtains

BEST VALUE THAT HAS EVER COME TO THIS MARKET

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West

Dominion Paper-Staining Factory.

Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS

WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

4 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.

Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

All investments are guaranteed.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

WM. STONE, *President.* G. F. POTTER, *Managing Director.*

First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to

WILLIAM SPARLING, *Superintendent*

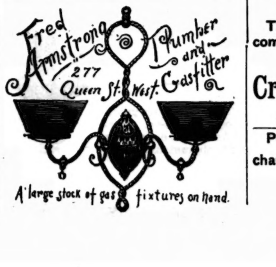
Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT

170 King Street West - - Toronto



TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI

YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

Persons requiring coppers for change can be accommodated at "Saturday Night" Office 9 Adelaide St. West

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

sumed that barricaded aspect betokening summer solitude. From present appearances it looks as if there really would be "not a soul in town" before many weeks have past. However, it is likely that enough persons will remain behind to run the city and endeavor to console themselves with urban amusements.

Mr. W. A. May of Sutton, England, the publisher of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, was in the city last week. He is at present making a tour of Canada, and expressed himself as highly pleased with what he has so far witnessed, as well as considerably surprised at the prosperous appearance of everbody and everything he had seen so far.

Mr. John Graham and a party of friends are having splendid sport at his trout lakes on the Blanche River, back of Buckingham. They have already sent to the city some five hundred pounds of speckled trout and some splendid gray trout, several of the latter turning the scales at twelve pounds. The party includes Messrs. Thomas Graham, Fred Drewry, T. McGee and Walter Spittal.

Mr. John Woodruff, late traveling companion to Col. Bernard, the brother of Lady Macdonald, has settled down in Ottawa with his young English bride, and is delighting the youth of the various Sunday Schools in the city, by giving magic lantern exhibitions showing views of the various places he has visited in his many foreign tours.

The following members of Emmanuel Church gave a very agreeable entertainment to the junior members of the congregation a few evenings since; Miss Butterworth (piano), Mr. Luder (violin), Miss Hurdman, Miss Hill, Miss Peterson, Mr. C. E. Clarke and Mr. J. C. Trotter (vocalists), Miss Farrell and Mr. Rogers (*litterati*), Miss Barber, Miss Tracy, Miss Aspinall and Miss Dancy (ice-creamists).

The following ladies have consented to take charge of tables at the bazaar in the drill hall next week: Mrs Crombie, Mrs. C. Berkeley-Powell, Mrs. Louis Jones, Mrs. Gouin, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Galt, Mrs. S. M. Rodgers and Mrs. C. Martin.

Among the informal entertainments given to the visiting members of the Royal party was a very enjoyable supper given at the Ottawa Club by Mr. H. Tache, private secretary to Hon. Mr. Chapleau. Among those present were the Secretary of State, himself, Hon. Mr. Marchand, and Messrs. Legendre, Doucet, Lusignan, Frechette, Sulte and Marmette.

Three new pictures have been added to the Art Gallery in the Fisheries Exhibit Building. One these is a painting called Dreaming, by G. A. Reid, which was shown in Paris in 1889. Another is a British Columbian landscape, by Homer Watson, while the third is a rural subject by F. M. Bell-Smith.

Mr. J. C. Boyce, the genial head of the *Hansard* staff of the House of Commons, has received the news of the death of his younger brother, Mr. Joseph Boyce of London, who has just succumbed after a long and severe illness.

The chances are that the Queen City will be overrun with Ottawaites on Saturday when the inter-urban lacrosse match takes place. All the lovers of that noble game intend to be on hand on the occasion.

This week the city is full of white chokered Methodist ministers attending the annual conference. The brethren are billeted around among the members of that church, who have responded nobly to the pressure of hospitality placed upon them.

Mr. Brewer, the mission worker of Toronto, has accepted the invitation of the Ottawa Gospel Mission Union to act as city missionary and begins his labors this week.

Major Sherwood, superintendent of the Dominion police, who has been confined to his house for some days past with a severe cold, is rapidly recovering.

The compliment paid to A. J. Christie, Q.C., by the Osgoode Hall benchers of electing him a member of that body is warmly appreciated by the bar of Ottawa and the citizens generally.

An enterprising company which combined the business of selling inferior tea with the selling off of equally inferior articles of jewelry has just closed a short but profitable campaign in this city. This same company after being practically ejected from every place of any importance in the Dominion was sustained in its proceedings by a local dogberry. Judging from the list of lucky prize winners published, it would seem as if high and low, rich and poor, bit like gudgeons at the glittering bait. For all that it is not likely that many of the diamonds (?) so acquired will be flashed on the fingers of *dames des societe* during the coming season.

For Europe.

Mr. A. F. Webster reports the following passengers booked from Toronto by the Cunard and State S.S. lines:

Mr. H. Crewe, Mr. Mr. Warnock, Mr. W. P. Dryadale, Mr. R. H. McBride, Mr. Charles Langley, Mr. F. F. Peard, Mr. and Mrs. George Givens, Mrs. McFadden, Mr. T. Patrick, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Cadow, Mrs. R. Phillips, Miss Gray, Mr. Alexander Laurie, Mr. P. Gardner, Mr. James Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, Mr. G. A. Spenlove, Miss Sheedake, Mr. and Mrs. T. Caswell, Mr. R. S. King, Mr. C. W. Gregory, Mr. G. K. Scott, Miss Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander, the Misses Jean, Kitty and Annie Alexander, Mrs. Burns, Dr. Elliott, Mr. Charles Johnstone, Miss Bent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Webb and two children, Mr. G. B. Hord, Mr. John Sanders, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. and Ella Stevenson, Mr. George Carter.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TONGRO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LESTER—At 14 Sullivan street, Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. M. T. Lester—a daughter.
MCEACHREN—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. John McEachern—a son.
WARREN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. H. D. Warren—a daughter.
AYLWARD—At Stayner, on May 18, Mrs. W. J. Lavy—a son.
HART—At Toronto, on May 30, Mrs. S. B. Hart—a son.
LOWRY—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. James S. Lowry—a son.
BLAKE—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. W. H. Blake—a daughter.
LUMSDEN—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. Hugh D. Lumsden—a son.
MILLS—At Toronto, on June 3, Mrs. Alexander Mills—a daughter.
REEVES—At Toronto, on May 3, Mrs. S. J. Reeves—a daughter.

Marriages.

CRAWFORD—SHAW—At Denison avenue Church, on June 5, by the Rev. J. R. Goff, Ella D. Shaw to C. C. Crawford, of J. R. Young & Co., both of Toronto.
KENNEDY—DEPEW—At St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y., James H. Kennedy, West Toronto, to Mary Adah, eldest daughter of W. Wilson DePew.
STARK—ROBINSON—At Rochester, N.Y., on May 30, William Geddes Stark, M.D., of Hamilton, Ont., to Cornelia Louise Robinson.
MORGAN—LEES—At Dunnville, on June 2, C. Morgan to Mary Lees, both of Port Dover.
STERLING—HORNE—At Toronto, on June 3, George A. Sterling to Etta Horne, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

STODDARD—At Bradford, on June 7, Ferguson Stoddard, aged 35 years.
McLATCHIE—At Toronto, on June 3, John McLatchie' aged 80 years.
McCLELLAND—At Toronto, on June 3, John McClelland, aged 69 years.
HEAKES—At Toronto, on June 1, youngest son of S. R. and Maggie Heakes, aged 2 years.
COULTER—At Toronto, Francis W. Coulter, aged 31 years.
HUTCHINSON—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. William H. Hutchinson, aged 24 years.
ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on May 30, Mrs. Jean Taylor Robertson, aged 76 years.
SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on June 2, Helen Sutherland, aged 87 years.
SPALDING—At Toronto, on June 3, Huldah Anne Spalding, aged 69 years.
BEALL—At Whitby, on May 25, Theophilus Beall, aged 35 years.
BARBER—At Yorkville, on June 2, Mrs. Maria Barber, aged 80 years.
JACKSON—At Hamilton, on June 2, Mrs. Jane Jackson.
GARDEN—At New York, on May 24, Daniel R. Garden.
BEVAN—At Toronto, on June 1, Owen Theophilus Bevan, aged 62 years.
CRAIG—At Toronto, on May 31, Corporal James William Craig, C Company, Infantry School Corps, aged 22 years.
LAMBE—At Toronto, infant daughter of W. G. A. and Laura B. Lambe.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—86 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.

"4711"—
WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP
Fragrant and delightful to use. Made in Cologne, Germany. The trade mark "4711" on every cake.
GENERAL AGENTS
LYMAN, KNOX & CO. - - - Montreal

Gentlemen of Toronto
AND VICINITY

Here you can inspect the latest designs for Spring and Summer wear.

Here you can judge of the largeness of our stock for Suitings.

There is much here to delight the eye.

JOHN J. TONKIN
155 Yonge St., cor. Richmond

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF
DIAMONDS.
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

CARPET AND CURTAIN DEPARTMENT

ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK

Special Lines, Heavy Wiltons, $1.57, worth $1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, $1, worth $1.25. Good Brussels, 90c., worth $1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 65c., worth 85. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Mattings, etc.

CURTAIN STOCK

Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades.
A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from $9 to $6; still lower, $6 to $4; Choice Curtains at $2, $2.50 and $3 50 per pair.
Window Shades to order, all styles. Art Screens, Poles, etc.
Special attention given to Art Draperies.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

HOT WEATHER NECESSITIES

WHITE GOODS

Hem-stitched and Scalloped Dress Flouncings, in superior cloth, deep borders, fine embroidery and elegant designs, at 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 65c., 81, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard.

PARASOLS

Style larger this season, suitable for either sun or shower. Black, with long or short fancy handles, at 45c., 50c., 65c., 85c., $1. Ivory handles at $1.00. Shot Silk Parasols at 75c. each. Black and Colored Watered Silk Parasols from $1.50 each. The patent Gloria and Utopia Parasol from 85c. to $3.50.

Children's Parasols from 35c. to $1.

Gent's Umbrellas from 55c. to $3.50.

See our Gent's Umbrellas in Silk and Wool and Old Silver handles at $1.50.

We are offering special bargains in Ladies' Linen and Cambric Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, new Jerseys, Sateens, Chambrays, Ginghams and Low Shoes.

No trouble to show goods at

R. SIMPSON'S, S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

$23.50
We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

Having completed extensive alterations to our new premises we take pleasure in inviting the Ladies of Toronto to pay us a visit. We claim to have the largest exclusive Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the city, and will welcome all who call upon us. Our specialties are Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ladies' Underwear, Ready-made Costumes, etc.

This week we offer special bargains in each department. Dressmaking on the premises.

THE GOLDEN CROWN
240 and 242 Yonge Street
MACLEAN & MITCHELL

Cash or Credit One Price Either Way

Cash or Credit One Price Either Way

Baby Carriages from $8.50 to $34.00
A quantity of very fine Carriages, upholstered in plush, to be cleared at the price of ordinary coverings.

REFRIGERATORS

We have about thirty Refrigerators, made by Farson of Philadelphia and Jewett of Buffalo, which we carried over from last season and are clearing at specially low prices. Call early and secure one.
All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all and under all circumstances. Liberal terms to Credit Buyers without interest or extra charge, at
177 Yonge Street, 4 Doors North of Queen
The C. F. Adams Home-Furnishing House

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

DOMINION PIANOS
CHOSEN BY PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES AS THE MOST PERFECT PIANOFORTE IN TONE TOUCH AND DURABILITY
YET PRODUCED IN CANADA
INSPECTION OF OUR PIANOS WILL PROVE THE JUSTICE OF OUR CLAIM
DOMINION PIANO & ORGAN CO
WAREROOMS 68 KING STREET WEST